TERROR

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LN

TALES FROM THE CRYPT

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FEATURING

THE KEEPER OF THE CRYPT OF TERROR!

THE KEEPER OF THE VAULT OF HORROR!

THE OLD WITCH FROM THE HAUNT OF FEAR!

ELDSTEIN

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AUTHORIZED A. C. M. P.

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THE CRYPT OF TERROR

JAMES BARRY AND WILLIAM FERTH WERE BOTH IN LOVE WITH THE SAME GIRL, LAURA MASON! JIM WAS KIND... CONSIDERATE... A *GENTLEMAN!* BILL WAS *BRAZEN... FUN-LOVING*... AND AT TIMES, LAURA WAS ALMOST *AFRAID* OF HIM! AND SO WHEN JIM ASKED THE INEVITABLE QUESTION...

MARRY ME, LAURA? I *KNOW* I CAN MAKE YOU HAPPY!

BUT, JIM! WHAT ABOUT BILL? I... I'M *AFRAID* OF WHAT HE'LL DO WHEN HE FINDS OUT!

DON'T WORRY, LAURA! BILL WILL HAVE TO TAKE IT LIKE A MAN! ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR, Y'KNOW!

YES! BUT BILL ISN'T THE TYPE TO GIVE UP EASILY!

LAURA DIDN'T KNOW HOW RIGHT SHE WAS WHEN SHE SPOKE THOSE WORDS! YES! BILL WAS *NOT* THE TYPE TO GIVE UP SO EASILY! HE *WANTED* LAURA!

...AND I'LL *HAVE* HER, *TOO!* EVEN IF I HAVE TO *KILL YOU, JAMES BARRY!*

SOON, LAURA AND JIM WERE MARRIED! THEY WERE VERY HAPPY THOSE FIRST FEW WEEKS... BUT THEN, BUSINESS CALLED JIM OUT OF TOWN FOR A FEW DAYS...

I'LL BE BACK THURSDAY NIGHT, DEAREST!

OH, JIM! I'M *AFRAID!* I DON'T WANT TO BE LEFT *ALONE!* BILL MIGHT...

BILL WON'T DO ANYTHING TO YOU, LAURA! BUT, IF YOU EVER *ARE* IN DANGER, NO MATTER *WHERE* I AM, SOMEHOW, I'LL GET TO YOU... AND *SAVE* YOU!

YOU'RE JOKING WITH ME, JAMES BARRY... BUT I'VE BEEN *SERIOUS!*

SO HAVE I, LAURA! SO HAVE I! 'BYE!

'BYE, JIM! HURRY BACK!

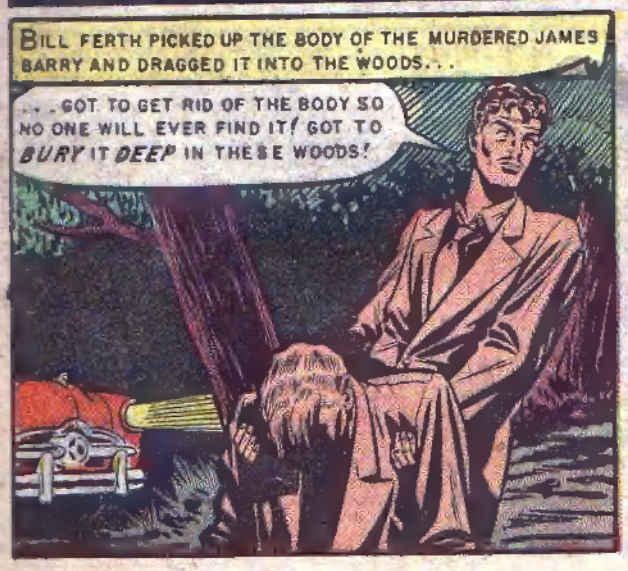
JIM'S CAR SPED ALONG A DARK COUNTRY ROAD TOWARDS THE MAIN HIGHWAY! THE HEADLIGHTS, KNIFING THROUGH THE VELVETY BLACKNESS, SUDDENLY FELL UPON...

A MAN! STANDING IN THE ROAD...

JIM PRESSED HARD ON HIS BRAKES AND THE CAR SCREECHED TO A STOP...
CRAZY FOOL! I COULD HAVE KILLED YOU! WHO ARE YOU... ANYWAY?
BILL! IT'S ME... BILL!

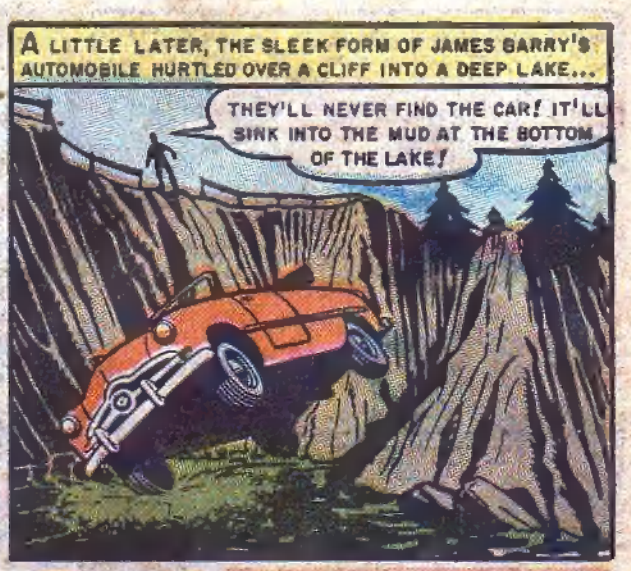
THE SHADOWY FIGURE MOVED TOWARDS THE CAR... AND AS HE PASSED THE HEADLIGHT, A GLINT OF SHINY STEEL CAUGHT JIM'S EYE...
HE... HE'S GOT A KNIFE! HE'S... GOING TO KILL ME!

THE SOUND OF A STRUGGLE SHATTERED THE SILENCE HANGING OVER THE DESERTED ROAD AND THE HEAVY WOODS FLANKING IT! THEN THERE WAS A THUD AND A PIERCING SHRIEK...
...AND NOW, LAURA WILL BE MINE! ALL MINE!


BILL FERTH PICKED UP THE BODY OF THE MURDERED JAMES BARRY AND DRAGGED IT INTO THE WOODS...
...GOT TO GET RID OF THE BODY SO NO ONE WILL EVER FIND IT! GOT TO BURY IT DEEP IN THESE WOODS!

AGAIN THE THICK SILENCE OF THE WOODS WAS BROKEN! THIS TIME BY THE SOUND OF A SPADE STRIKING THE SOFT EARTH BELOW TOWERING TREES...
SORRY TO GIVE YOU SUCH A CRUDE BURIAL, JIM OL' BOY, BUT IT'S THE BEST I CAN DO UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES!

SOON, A GAPING HOLE WAS OPENED AND THE STIFF BODY OF JAMES BARRY WAS DROPPED INTO IT...
NOW TO COVER IT UP, DITCH THE CAR, AND GET BACK HOME! THEN ALL I DO IS WAIT! IF I PLAY MY CARDS RIGHT, SHE'LL BE MINE!


A LITTLE LATER, THE SLEEK FORM OF JAMES BARRY'S AUTOMOBILE HURTLED OVER A CLIFF INTO A DEEP LAKE...
THEY'LL NEVER FIND THE CAR! IT'LL SINK INTO THE MUD AT THE BOTTOM OF THE LAKE!

AND SO THE JOB WAS DONE! BILL FERTH HAD PLANNED EVERYTHING CAREFULLY! THE WEEKS WENT BY, AND THEN THE TIME CAME FOR HIM TO GO AND SEE LAURA...

YES, LAURA! BUT IT'S OVER A MONTH NOW! HE'S LEFT YOU! HE'S PROBABLY FOUND ANOTHER WOMAN!
I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT, BILL! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO HIM! I KNOW IT! I FEEL IT!

BILL COULD WAIT! HE HAD PLENTY OF TIME! SHE'D COME AROUND! HE WAS SURE! AFTER ANOTHER MONTH
IF ANYTHING HAD HAPPENED TO HIM, YOU WOULD HAVE KNOWN BY NOW, LAURA! CAN'T YOU SEE? HE'S LEFT YOU... DESERTED YOU!
I'LL WAIT FOR HIM... TO COME BACK!

HE'LL NEVER COME BACK! NEVER!
THEN I'LL WAIT FOR HIM FOREVER! I'LL NEVER STOP LOVING HIM, BILL! JIM WAS MY LIFE! WITHOUT HIM...

THEN... IT'S ALL WASTED! THE PLANNING... THE WORK... THE WAITING... WASTED!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

YES! I KILLED HIM! HE'S DEAD! I WANTED YOU, LAURA AND HE STOOD IN MY WAY!
Y-YOU K-KILLED JIM? I HATE YOU...YOU...YOU MANIAC! HATE YOU...HATE...

NOW...I'VE GOT TO KILL YOU, LAURA! IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU, NO ONE ELSE WILL EITHER! I'LL MAKE SURE OF THAT!
YOU...YOU'RE MAD... A RAVING MADMAN!

BILL FERTH FORCED LAURA INTO HIS CAR AND DROVE HER TO A DESERTED CABIN... DEEP IN THE WOODS NEAR WHERE HE HAD KILLED JIM...
THIS ROOM HAS NO WINDOWS...SO WHEN I LOCK YOU IN, YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO ESCAPE!
W...WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO ME?

I'M GOING TO SET FIRE TO THE CABIN! THEY'LL NEVER FIND WHAT'S LEFT OF YOU...NEVER! IT'LL BE ASHES...ALL ASHES!

FACED WITH THE HORROR OF BEING BURNED ALIVE BY THIS MADMAN, LAURA SCREAMED FOR HELP...
EEEEEEEEEEAAAGHH

IT WAS AN EAR-SPLITTING SCREAM THAT SHOT THROUGH THE WOODS, REVERBERATING FROM TREE TO TREE ... ROCK TO ROCK...

AND SOMEWHERE OUT THERE, UNDER THE SOFT EARTH THAT COVERED IT... SOMETHING STIRRED...THEN PUSHED ITS DECAYED AND ROTTED HAND UP... UP...THROUGH THE BLACK DIRT INTO THE BLACK NIGHT...

SLOWLY, THE EARTH GAVE WAY, AS THE THING PUSHED UPWARD, CLAWING! THE CLEAN FRESH AIR SEEPED DOWN INTO ITS SHALLOW GRAVE...

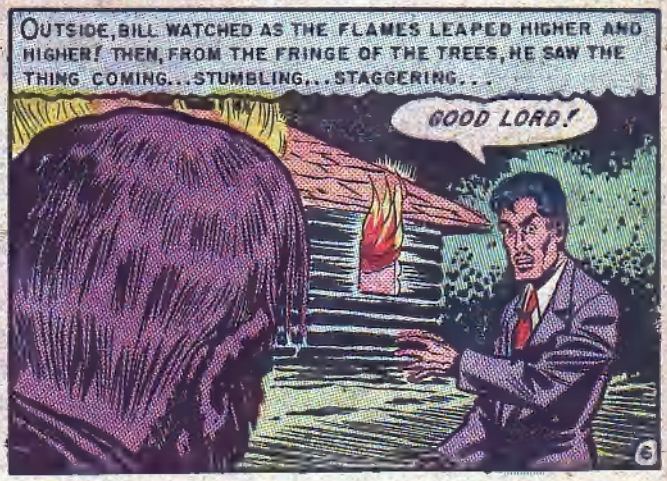
IT GOT TO ITS FEET CLUMSILY... STOOD ERECT IN THE MOONLIGHT! IT LIFTED ITS HEAD... LISTENING! IT HAD HEARD A SCREAM... A SCREAM THAT HAD MADE IT SEEK THE OPEN AIR...

IT MOVED FORWARD AT A STUMBLING GATE! ITS ROTTED LEGS...ITS SIGHTLESS EYES...THE DECAYED FLESH THAT CLUNG HERE AND THERE TO WHITENED BONE...MOVED THROUGH THE UNDERBRUSH...

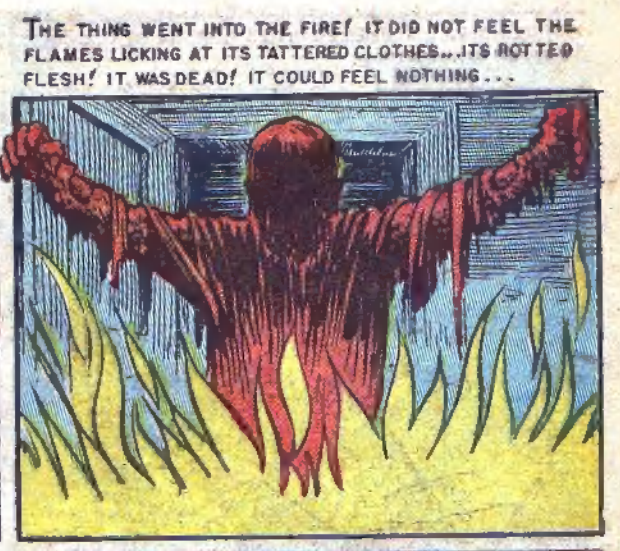
BACK AT THE CABIN, BILL POURED THE CAN OF KEROSENE AROUND THE OUTSIDE WALLS...
GO AHEAD... SCREAM, YOU FOOL! NO ONE WILL HEAR YOU!
EEEEEE

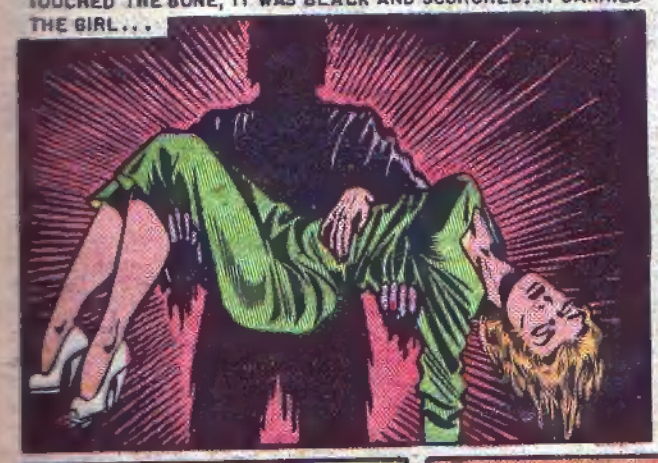
BUT OUT IN THE DEEP SHADOWS OF THE WOODS, THE THING HEARD THE SCREAM... AND STUMBLED FORWARD...TOWARDS IT...
EEEEEE

THE CABIN WAS ON FIRE NOW! INSIDE LAURA CRINGED AGAINST THE DOOR AS THE FLAMES LICKED AT HER...WHITE...HOT...
OH...SAVE ME, JIM! WHEREVER YOU ARE... YOU PROMISED... OOOOH!


OUTSIDE, BILL WATCHED AS THE FLAMES LEAPED HIGHER AND HIGHER! THEN, FROM THE FRINGE OF THE TREES, HE SAW THE THING COMING...STUMBLING...STAGGERING...
GOOD LORD!

THE THING DID NOT SEE BILL! IT WAS LOOKING AT THE BURNING CABIN! BILL PUT HIS HAND OVER HIS MOUTH! HE WAS SICK! HE WHIMPERED...
J-JIM...


THE THING WENT INTO THE FIRE! IT DID NOT FEEL THE FLAMES LICKING AT ITS TATTERED CLOTHES...ITS ROTTED FLESH! IT WAS DEAD! IT COULD FEEL NOTHING...


AFTER A FEW MOMENTS IT CAME OUT! ITS HAIR WAS SINGED! ITS DECAYED FLESH WAS CHARRED! WHERE THE FIRE HAD TOUCHED THE BONE, IT WAS BLACK AND SCORCHED! IT CARRIED THE GIRL...

BILL WAS SCREAMING NOW! HE BEGAN TO RUN WILDLY INTO THE WOODS... SCREAMING...SCREAMING
A-A-A-A-A-A-H

THE THING PUT LAURA DOWN ON THE COOL GRASS FAR FROM THE BURNING CABIN! SHE WAS UNCONSCIOUS! SHE HAD FAINTED BEFORE THE THING HAD REACHED HER! SHE HAD NOT SEEN IT...

THEN THE THING TURNED... TOWARDS THE HYSTERICAL SHRIEKING THAT CAME FROM THE NEARBY WOODS...

SLOWLY IT SHAMBLED TOWARDS THE SCREAMING BILL AS HE CRASHED MADLY THROUGH THE THICK UNDER-GROWTH...
HE'S COMING ...AFTER ME!

SUDDENLY, BILL STUMBLED INTO A YAWNING BLACK HOLE...

GOOD GOD! HIS GRAVE! JIM'S GRAVE... WHERE I BURIED HIM!

THE THING WAS COMING, NOW! BILL TRIED TO STAND BUT HE COULDN'T! THE PAIN! HE HAD BROKEN HIS LEG! HE TRIED TO DRAG HIMSELF FROM THE SHALLOW PIT... BUT THEN...

NO...NO!

THE THING WAS ON TOP OF HIM, PINNING HIM DOWN! HE TRIED TO STRUGGLE, BUT THE THING WAS STRONG! IT HELD HIM EASILY...

LET ME GO! LET ME GO! YOU'RE DEAD! DEAD!

AND THEN THE THING BEGAN, WITH ONE ROTTED AND DECAYED HAND, TO FILL THE GRAVE AGAIN... BURYING THEM...

NO...NO! YOU CAN'T BURY ME! I'M ALIVE... ALIVE!

IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG TO FILL THE GRAVE! THE DIRT WAS GETTING TO BILL'S EYES... HIS MOUTH! HIS SCREAMING WAS WILDER NOW... HYSTERICAL, MAD, TERRORIZED SCREAMING...

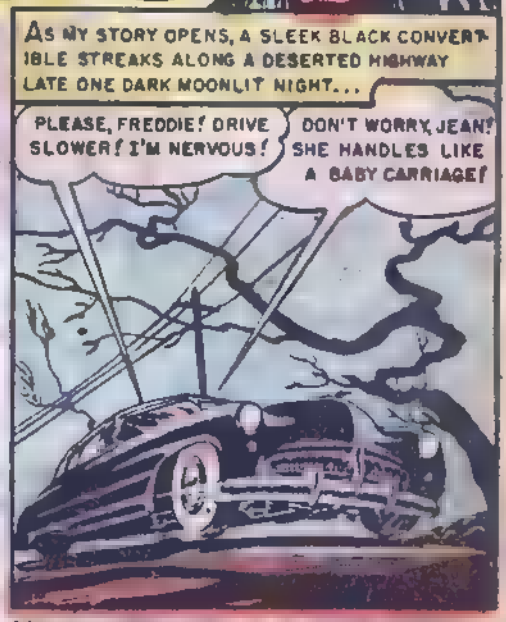
YI-I-E-E-E-E

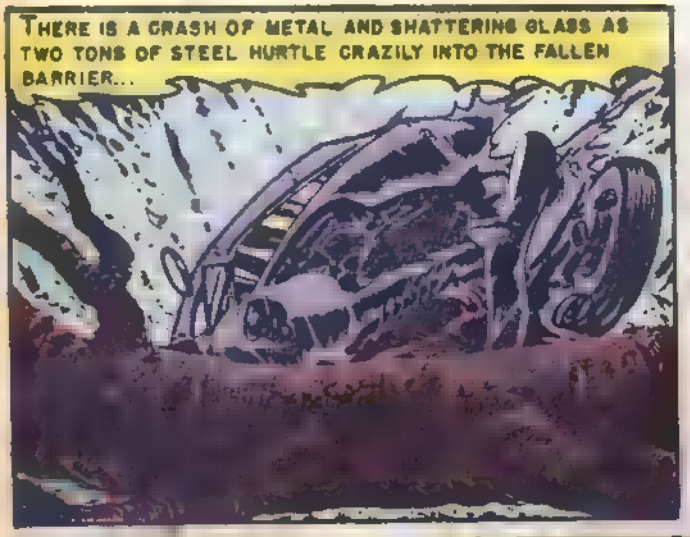
AND THEN... AFTER A WHILE... THE SCREAMING STOPPED...

AND THAT'S MY STORY, DEAR READER! JIM CERTAINLY *KEPT* HIS *PROMISE* TO LAURA, DIDN'T HE? LUCKY FOR HER SHE *FAINTED BEFORE* HE GOT THERE, THOUGH! SHE'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER HIM IN A *NICE* WAY, NOW! AND *POOR BILL!* NOW *JIM'S* GOT HIM FOR *COMPANY* ...DOWN THERE WHERE IT'S COLD AND BLACK! WELL, THEY CAN ALWAYS HOLD *GRAVE CONVERSATIONS* TOGETHER! HEH, HEH! NOW, IF YOU'RE NOT TOO BROKEN UP OVER *THIS* TALE... WHY NOT READ ON! MORE CHILLS AWAIT YOU!

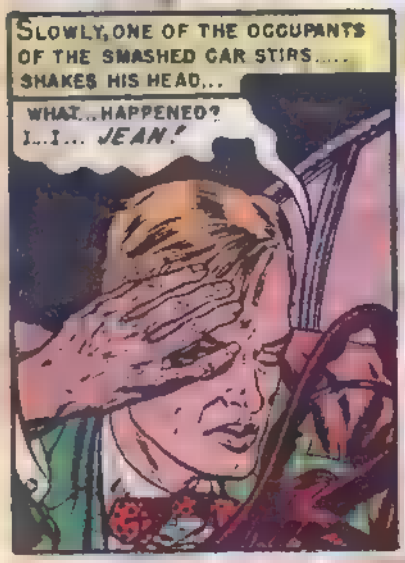
SO YOU ALL LIKE VAMPIRE STORIES, EH? WELL, THIS ONE WILL CURDLE YOUR BLOOD! I CALL IT...

BLOOD TYPE V!

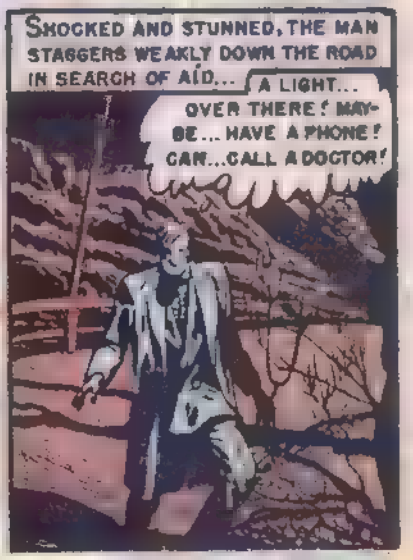


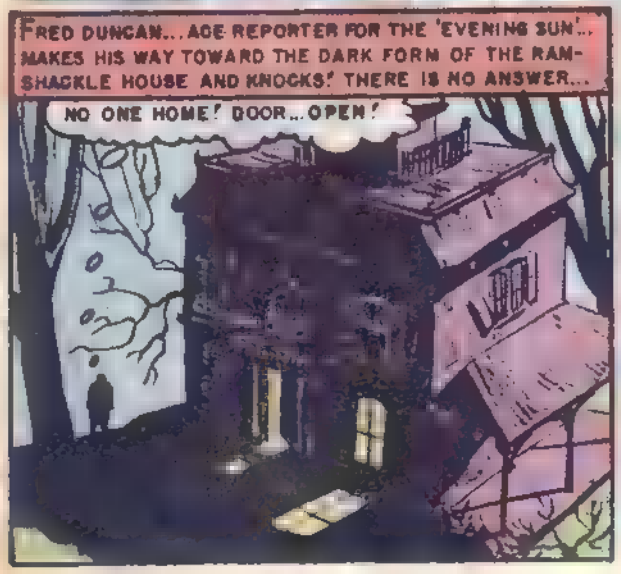

THERE IS A CRASH OF METAL AND SHATTERING GLASS AS TWO TONS OF STEEL HURTLE CRAZILY INTO THE FALLEN BARRIER...

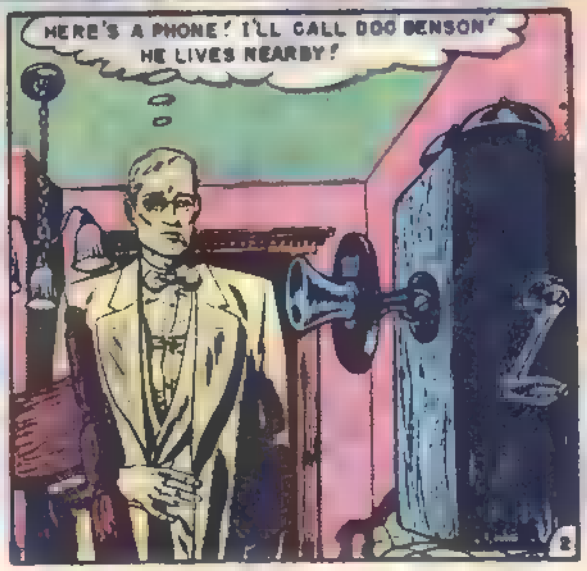
...THEN, SILENCE! A TWISTED MASS OF WRECKAGE LIES GROTESQUELY ON A LONELY COUNTRY HIGHWAY...

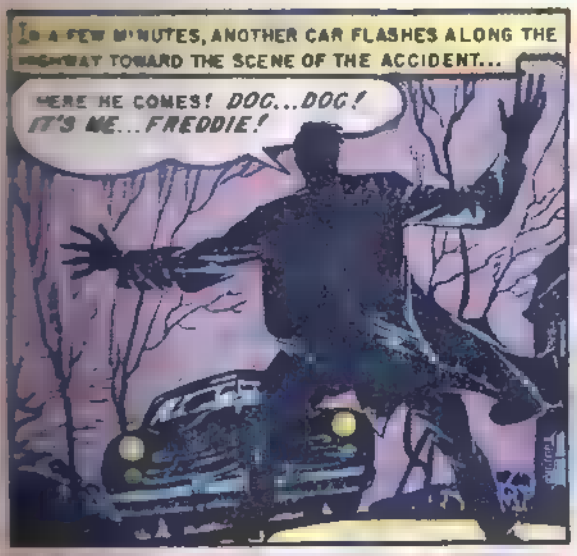

SLOWLY, ONE OF THE OCCUPANTS OF THE SMASHED CAR STIRS.... SHAKES HIS HEAD...
WHAT...HAPPENED? I...I... JEAN!

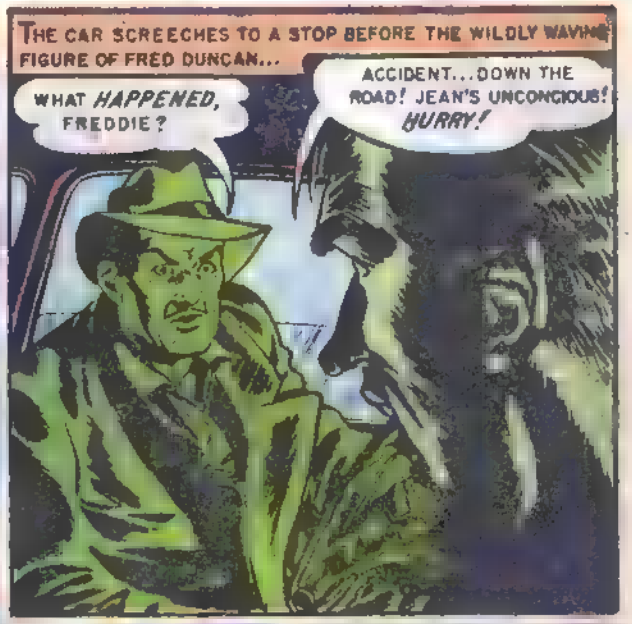
FRANTICALLY, FREDDIE STRUGGLES TO FREE THE PINNED GIRL FROM THE WRECKED AUTO...
SHE'S... UNCONCIOUS! GOT TO...GET HELP!

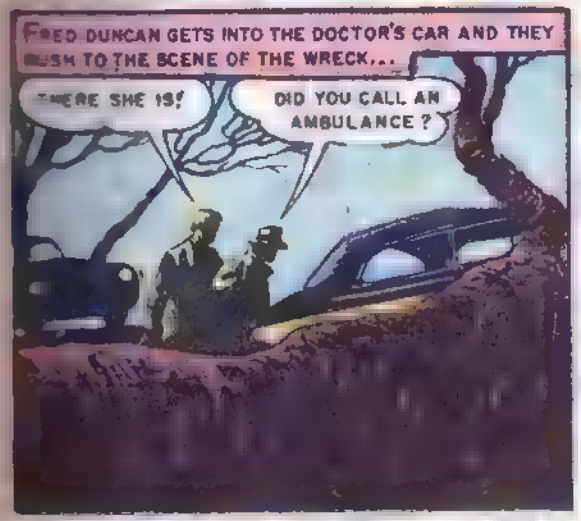

SHOCKED AND STUNNED, THE MAN STAGGERS WEAKLY DOWN THE ROAD IN SEARCH OF AID...
A LIGHT... OVER THERE! MAYBE... HAVE A PHONE! CAN...CALL A DOCTOR!

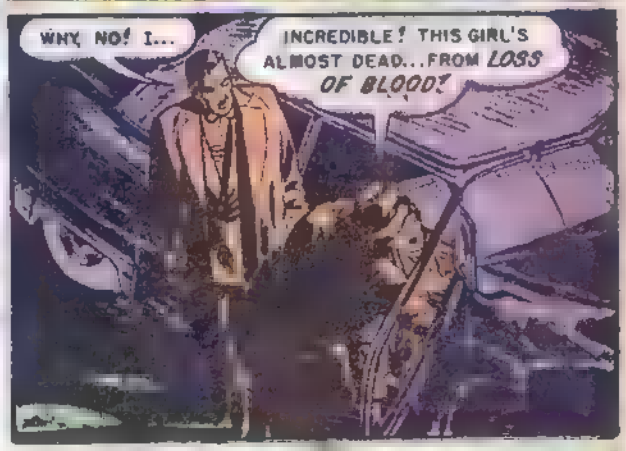

FRED DUNCAN...ACE REPORTER FOR THE 'EVENING SUN'... MAKES HIS WAY TOWARD THE DARK FORM OF THE RAMSHACKLE HOUSE AND KNOCKS! THERE IS NO ANSWER...
NO ONE HOME! DOOR...OPEN!

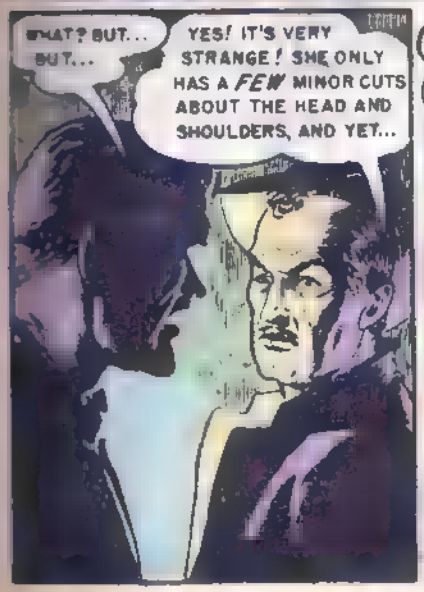

HERE'S A PHONE! I'LL CALL DOC BENSON! HE LIVES NEARBY!


IN A FEW MINUTES, ANOTHER CAR FLASHES ALONG THE HIGHWAY TOWARD THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT...
HERE HE COMES! DOC...DOC! IT'S ME...FREDDIE!

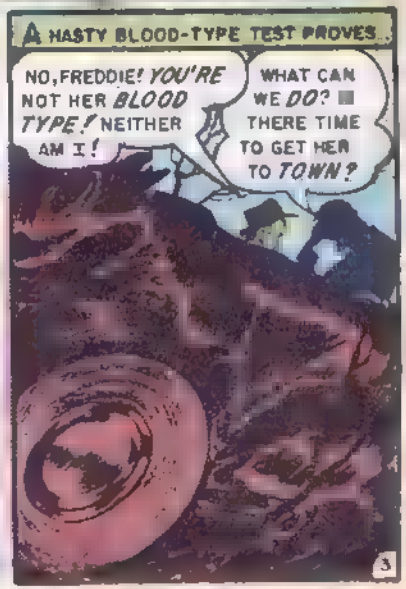

THE CAR SCREECHES TO A STOP BEFORE THE WILDLY WAVING FIGURE OF FRED DUNCAN...
WHAT HAPPENED, FREDDIE?
ACCIDENT...DOWN THE ROAD! JEAN'S UNCONCIOUS! HURRY!


FRED DUNCAN GETS INTO THE DOCTOR'S CAR AND THEY RUSH TO THE SCENE OF THE WRECK...
THERE SHE IS!
DID YOU CALL AN AMBULANCE?


WHY, NO! I...
INCREDIBLE! THIS GIRL'S ALMOST DEAD...FROM LOSS OF BLOOD!


WHAT? BUT... BUT...
YES! IT'S VERY STRANGE! SHE ONLY HAS A FEW MINOR CUTS ABOUT THE HEAD AND SHOULDERS, AND YET...

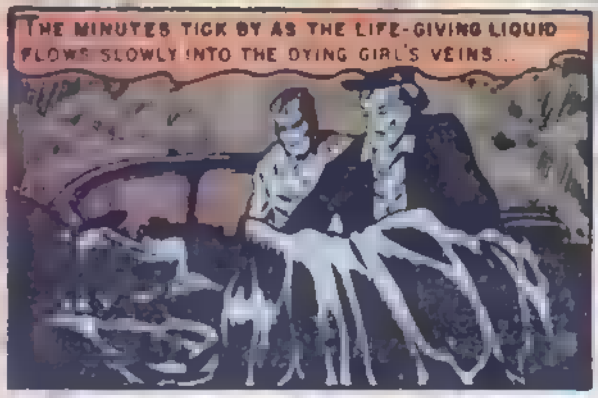
SHE HAS LOST AN ALMOST FATAL AMOUNT OF BLOOD! SHE WILL NEED A TRANSFUSION IMMEDIATELY!
WILL I DO?

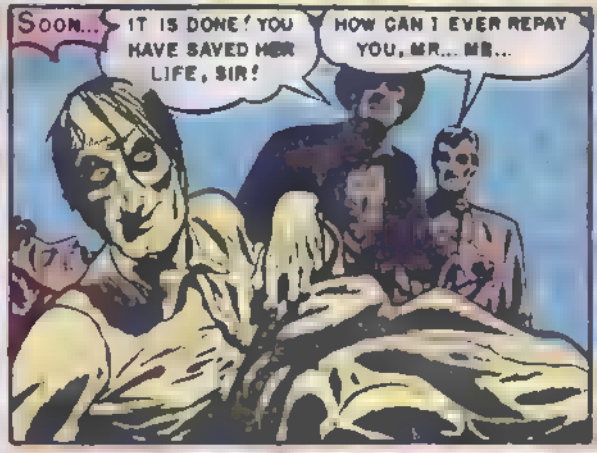

A HASTY BLOOD-TYPE TEST PROVES...
NO, FREDDIE! YOU'RE NOT HER BLOOD TYPE! NEITHER AM I!
WHAT CAN WE DO? THERE TIME TO GET HER TO TOWN?

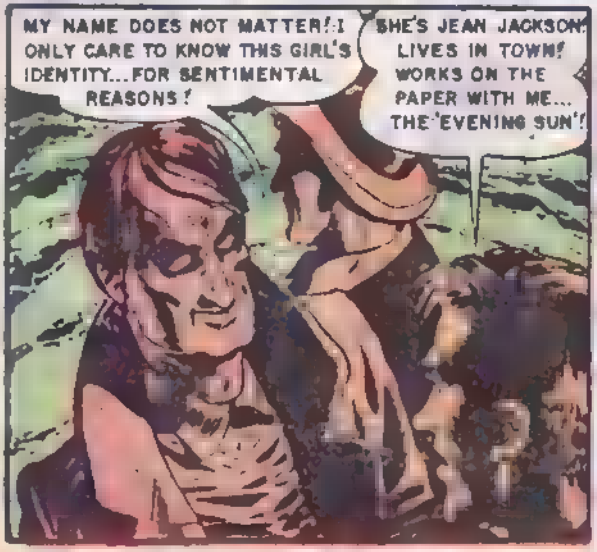
NO! I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!
PERHAPS I CAN BE OF SERVICE?

WHAT?
WHO ARE YOU?
I WAS JUST PASSING BY! PERHAPS MY BLOOD WILL DO?

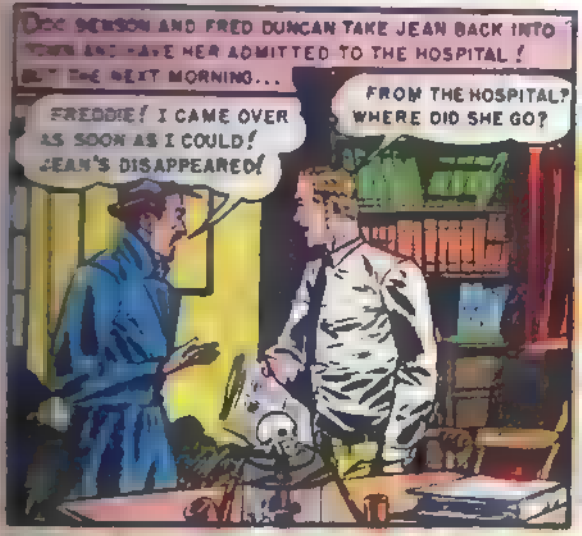
A QUICK TEST REVEALS...
YOU HAVE THE SAME BLOOD TYPE! ROLL UP YOUR SLEEVE!
OF COURSE!


THE MINUTES TICK BY AS THE LIFE-GIVING LIQUID FLOWS SLOWLY INTO THE DYING GIRL'S VEINS...

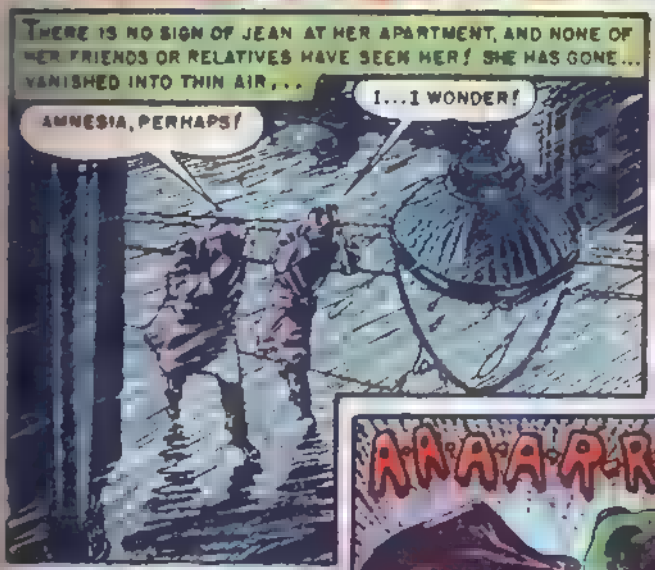

SOON...
IT IS DONE! YOU HAVE SAVED HER LIFE, SIR!
HOW CAN I EVER REPAY YOU, MR... MR...

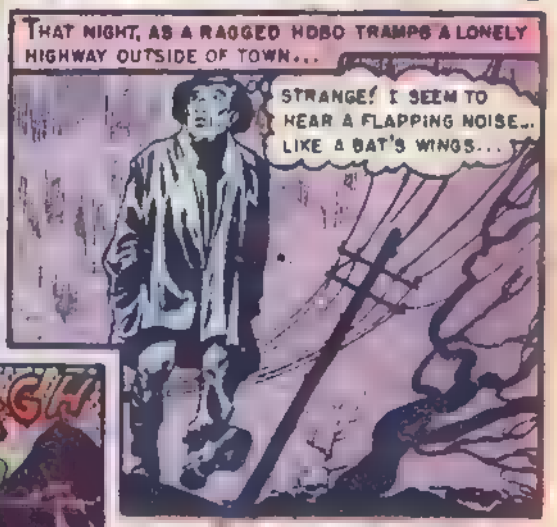

MY NAME DOES NOT MATTER! I ONLY CARE TO KNOW THIS GIRL'S IDENTITY... FOR SENTIMENTAL REASONS!
SHE'S JEAN JACKSON! LIVES IN TOWN! WORKS ON THE PAPER WITH ME... THE 'EVENING SUN'!

THE TALL STRANGER SMILES AND BOWS! THEN TURNS AND DISAPPEARS INTO THE NIGHT...
ODD THAT HE SHOULD HAVE COME UPON US WHEN HE DID!
THANK HEAVENS! OR ELSE JEAN WOULD HAVE BEEN A GONER!


DOC DENSON AND FRED DUNCAN TAKE JEAN BACK INTO TOWN AND HAVE HER ADMITTED TO THE HOSPITAL!
BUT THE NEXT MORNING...
FREDDIE! I CAME OVER AS SOON AS I COULD! JEAN'S DISAPPEARED!
FROM THE HOSPITAL? WHERE DID SHE GO?

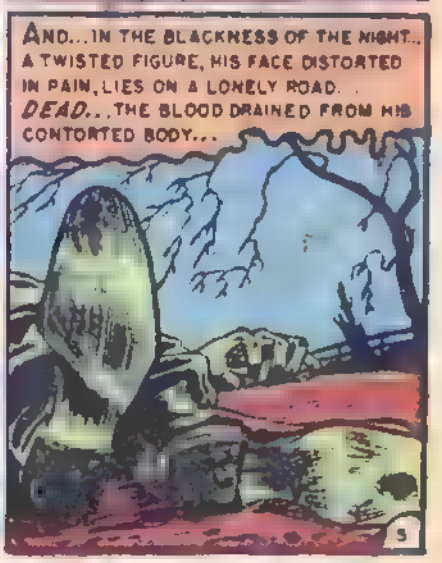
I... I DON'T KNOW!
C'MON, DOC! WE'VE GO TO LOOK FOR HER! SHE'S IN NO CONDITION TO BE ROAMING AROUND!

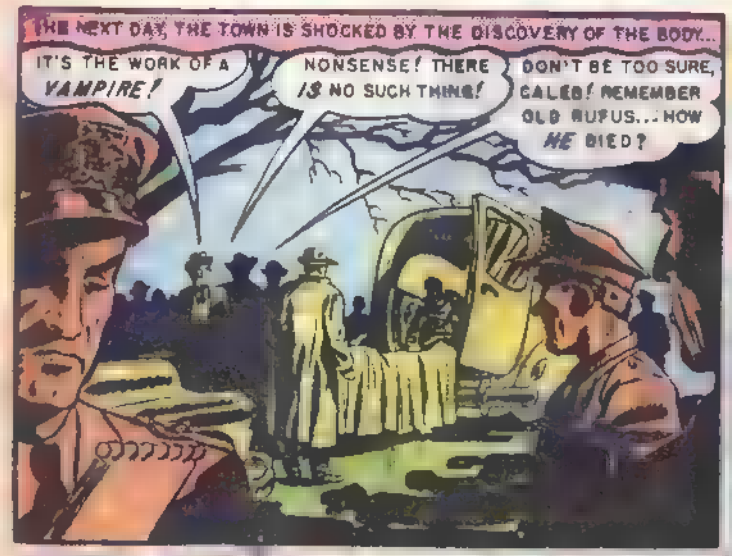

THERE IS NO SIGN OF JEAN AT HER APARTMENT, AND NONE OF HER FRIENDS OR RELATIVES HAVE SEEN HER! SHE HAS GONE... VANISHED INTO THIN AIR...
AMNESIA, PERHAPS!
I...I WONDER!

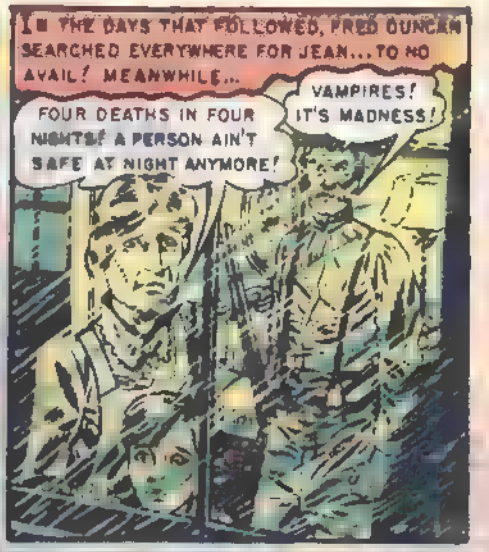

THAT NIGHT, AS A RAGGED HOBO TRAMPS A LONELY HIGHWAY OUTSIDE OF TOWN...
STRANGE! I SEEM TO HEAR A FLAPPING NOISE... LIKE A BAT'S WINGS...

NO! NO!

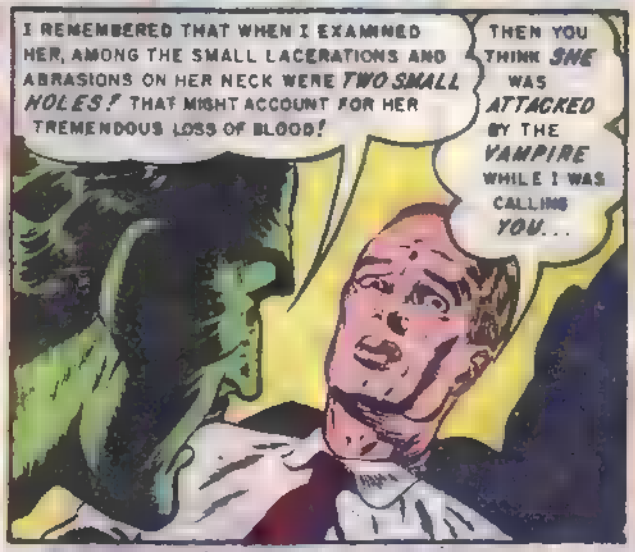
A-A-A-A-R-R-G-H


AND...IN THE BLACKNESS OF THE NIGHT... A TWISTED FIGURE, HIS FACE DISTORTED IN PAIN, LIES ON A LONELY ROAD. . DEAD... THE BLOOD DRAINED FROM HIS CONTORTED BODY...


THE NEXT DAY, THE TOWN IS SHOCKED BY THE DISCOVERY OF THE BODY...
IT'S THE WORK OF A VAMPIRE!
NONSENSE! THERE IS NO SUCH THING!
DON'T BE TOO SURE, CALEB! REMEMBER OLD RUFUS... HOW HE DIED?


IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, FRED DUNCAN SEARCHED EVERYWHERE FOR JEAN... TO NO AVAIL! MEANWHILE...
FOUR DEATHS IN FOUR NIGHTS! A PERSON AIN'T SAFE AT NIGHT ANYMORE!
VAMPIRES! IT'S MADNESS!

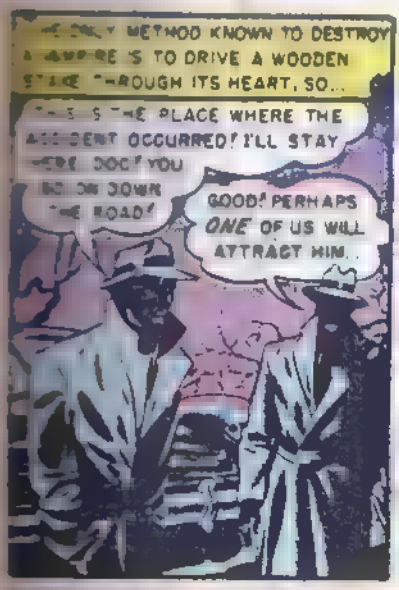
AND THEN... ONE NIGHT... DOC BENSEN CAME TO FREDDIE...
I... I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT JEAN, FREDDIE! SHE'S IN GREAT DANGER, WHEREVER SHE IS!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, DOC?


I REMEMBERED THAT WHEN I EXAMINED HER, AMONG THE SMALL LACERATIONS AND ABRASIONS ON HER NECK WERE TWO SMALL HOLES! THAT MIGHT ACCOUNT FOR HER TREMENDOUS LOSS OF BLOOD!
THEN YOU THINK SHE WAS ATTACKED BY THE VAMPIRE WHILE I WAS CALLING YOU...

PRECISELY! BUT THE EMERGENCY TRANSFUSION ROBBED THE VAMPIRE OF A VICTIM! HOWEVER... IT WILL TRY AGAIN!
BUT... WHAT CAN I DO?

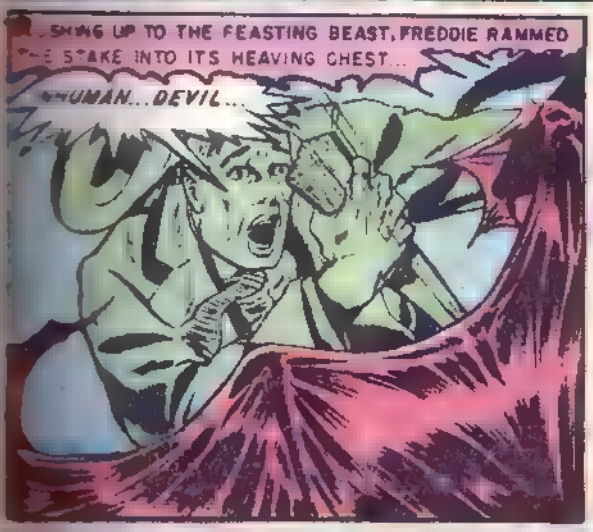
YOU'VE GOT TO GET THAT VAMPIRE BEFORE IT FINDS HER!
WAIT. WAIT A MINUTE!

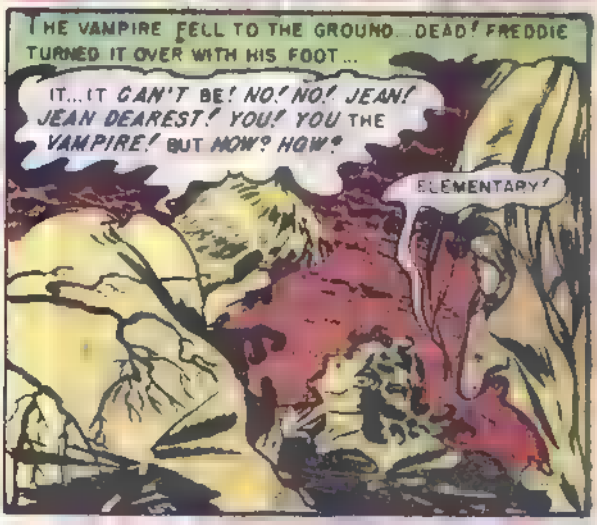
THAT LONELY STRETCH OF ROAD WHERE JEAN AND I HAD THE ACCIDENT! ALL OF THE VAMPIRE'S VICTIMS WERE ATTACKED IN THAT SAME LOCALITY! IF WE WERE TO GO THERE... ARMED...


THE ONLY METHOD KNOWN TO DESTROY A VAMPIRE IS TO DRIVE A WOODEN STAKE THROUGH ITS HEART, SO...
THIS IS THE PLACE WHERE THE ACCIDENT OCCURRED! I'LL STAY HERE, DOC! YOU GO ON DOWN THE ROAD!
GOOD! PERHAPS ONE OF US WILL ATTRACT HIM..

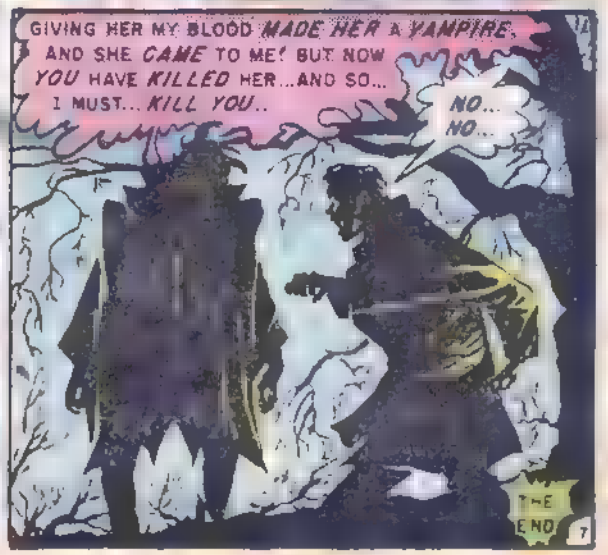
THE MINUTES DRAGGED INTO HOURS, AND THEN
YAAAAAH!
DOC!

SNATCHING THE STAKE HE HAD BROUGHT, FREDDIE RUSHED TOWARD THE SCREAMING DOCTOR...
GOOD LORD! THE VAMPIRE...IT'S KILLED DOC


LEAPING UP TO THE FEASTING BEAST, FREDDIE RAMMED THE STAKE INTO ITS HEAVING CHEST...
HUMAN...DEVIL...

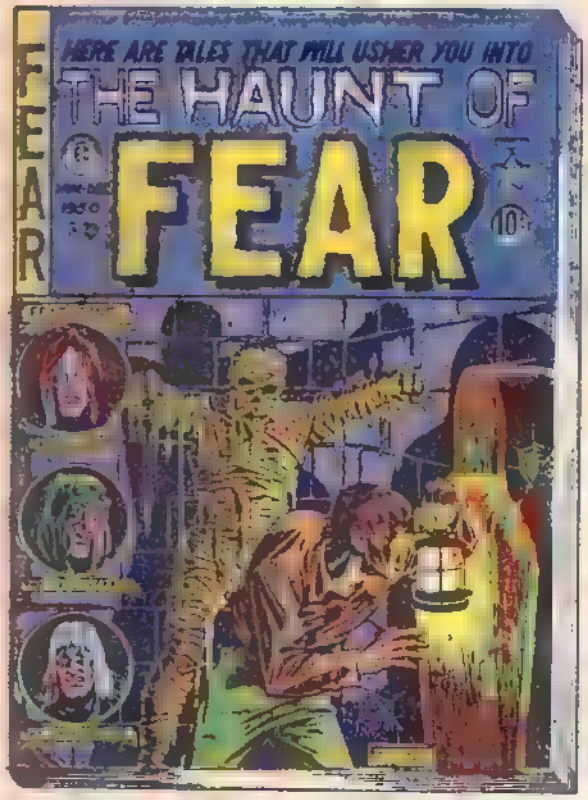

THE VAMPIRE FELL TO THE GROUND...DEAD! FREDDIE TURNED IT OVER WITH HIS FOOT...
IT...IT CAN'T BE! NO! NO! JEAN! JEAN DEAREST! YOU! YOU THE VAMPIRE! BUT HOW? HOW?
ELEMENTARY!

OH! THE MAN WHO SAVED HER LIFE...
YES! I MADE HER A VAMPIRE! AT FIRST SHE WAS TO BE MY VICTIM...BUT THEN...HER BEAUTY... I FELL IN LOVE WITH HER! I WANTED HER! THAT'S WHY I VOLUNTEERED THE TRANSFUSION...


GIVING HER MY BLOOD MADE HER A VAMPIRE. AND SHE CAME TO ME! BUT NOW YOU HAVE KILLED HER...AND SO... I MUST... KILL YOU..
NO... NO...
THE END

SUSPENSTORY FANS!

HERE'S ANOTHER MAGAZINE SPECIFICALLY DESIGNED TO *TERRORIZE* YOU... TO MAKE THE BLOOD FREEZE IN YOUR VEINS! FOR *SPINE-TINGLING* TALES AT THEIR ILLUSTRATED BEST... *READ:*



ANOTHER "NEW TREND" SURE-FIRE WINNER!

ON SALE NOW AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!

THE WAY OUT!

They had seen him here aboard-ship; unless he could escape now, the life to which he clung so precariously was doomed within the next few hours! They would hunt him down relentlessly . . . regardless of how crowded the ship was they would dispose of him so that no trace was left. After all, *death* was their business! And they were skilled practitioners.

No matter where he hid they would hunt him down without remorse. To go to the ship's officers would be merely to expose his identity, and choosing between the methods of his pursuers and the authorities was something a fugitive could not do! There was only one way out: if he was to make good his escape he must leave the boat. Even out here in mid-ocean his chances for survival were better in the tossing seas than on the same deck which harbored certain death! After all, the ship was on one of the busiest trade routes . . . other craft were bound to pass by! And, overboard, they would probably consider him drowned . . . write him off their books as dead. It was his only chance!

Somehow he evaded them until after darkness had fallen around the churning ship. Silently he crept towards the stern rail, and reasonably sure that he had not been seen, he dove far over the ship's side. The impact of the water against his face and

chest stunned him . . . it was like feeling the blow of a sledge-hammer! Down down down he plunged, into the jet black turbulence of the water at the ship's rear. A great weight pressed in around him, as if the water itself was an enemy, in league with those who were intent on destroying him! He tried to move his arms, to thrash his legs, to fight his way back to the surface. In another thirty seconds he knew his breath would give out! He had to get back to the surface *had to* . . .

And then, somehow, he felt himself rising swiftly . . . being propelled upwards by a force he could not explain. In less time than it took him to plunge into the depths he shot clear of the water . . . and gulping free air once more, he discovered the source of his salvation. The water for yards around him boiled white and angry. He looked up in fear and saw the ship's stern hovering high and ominous above him. His plans had gone crazily awry. Instead of being left far behind in its wake, he was being drawn ever closer to the ship!

Even as he fought desperately to keep his head above water he saw the ship veering closer. In the tempestuous milky-white of the ship's wake he saw the momentary glint of the propellors. Like immense razors they were cutting through the sea . . . nothing could withstand their murderous sharpness! He was doomed . . . he had escaped the enemy on board ship only to fall prey to the thrashing propellers even now sucking him forward! They were coming closer . . . those blades! He could hear their furious whirr . . . could even scent the smell of his own horrible death . . .

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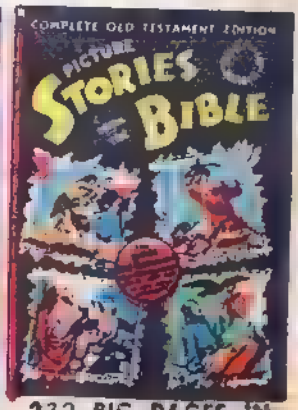

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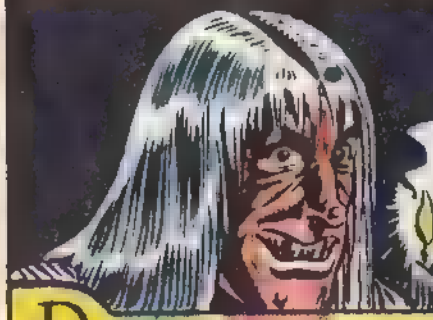


THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

Drag over that bed of nails, kiddies, and sling your quivering bodies upon it! It's time for another of our POINTED discussions! First, let's BURY the results of the voting on last issue's stories! My small staff of VAMPIRES, after several long nights of tabulating and drinking . . . I keep them well supplied with BLOOD, you know! . . . has just handed me the dripping results! Feldstein's ELECTRIFYING tale, A SHOCKING WAY TO DIE, garnered first place. In this issue, he presents to you a ghastly little piece entitled *THE THING FROM THE GRAVE!* Second place was taken by Graham Ingels' chiller, *DEATH SUITED HIM!* Naturally, GHASTLY GRAHAM is well represented this time with his BLOOD TYPE "V" . . . a real curdler! *THE HOUSE OF HORROR*, masterpieced by Kurtzman received third place honors. Fourth place was snagged by Wood with his *TERROR RIDE*. *BURIAL*, the text, was in last place. (Hmmm . . . *BURIAL* hit bottom! What a GRAVE result!)

By this time, fiendish fans, I trust you have realized that this issue of TALES FROM THE CRYPT marks a milestone in publishing history! You've heard of the THREE MUSKETEERS . . . one for all and all for one? Well, in this issue . . . for the very first time . . . you have the THREE GHOULUNATICS . . . each for *himself* and all for *none!* Gad, how we HATE each other! However, the VAULT-KEEPER and I have gained something by this unholy alliance. Y'see, THE OLD WITCH tricked both of us into allowing her to appear in each of our magazines. This, plus the fact that she has her own magazine, THE HAUNT OF FEAR, meant that she appeared three times to our once! So there was only one thing to do! UNITE . . . against the common enemy! So . . . from now on, the Vault-Keeper will appear in *my* magazine, and I in *his* mad-mag, THE VAULT OF HORROR! We are now working on a plan to trick the OLD WITCH into signing a contract with us so that we can both appear in *her* mag and even things up! So look for the THREE GHOULUNATICS in three magazines: TALES FROM THE CRYPT (OF TERROR), THE VAULT OF HORROR, and THE HAUNT OF FEAR!

Oh, one more thing before we terminate this revolting shrunken tete-a-tete! I have received requests for information on how to subscribe to my magazine. 'Smatter? Doncha like to rummage through inferior comics looking for mine? Doncha like to scrounge and scrounge and not find it because all the copies have been sold out? Doncha like to be deprived of sleepless nights? Well, I don't blame you! So here's the scoop straight from the MUMMY'S mouth! Send 75c and your name and address written clearly in blood (or ink, if you simply cannot obtain that tasty beverage) to me.

The Crypt-Keeper,
Room 706, Dept. 22,
225 Lafayette Street,
N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.

For this paltry sum, you will receive a full year's supply . . . six disgusting issues of this, my terror-inc magazine. And remember, keep those letters of approval and disapproval pouring in! Vote for your favorite story . . . and watch for the reeking results. Mail your letters to me at the above address!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) of TALES FROM THE CRYPT published Bi-monthly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1956

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, E. C. Pub. Co. Inc., 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. Editor, William M. Gaines, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. Managing editor, None. Business manager, Frank D. Lee, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) E. C. Pub. Co. Inc., 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. J. K. Gaines, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. Wm. M. Gaines, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3, include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and tri-weekly newspapers only.)

(Signed) FRANK D. LEE, Business Manager

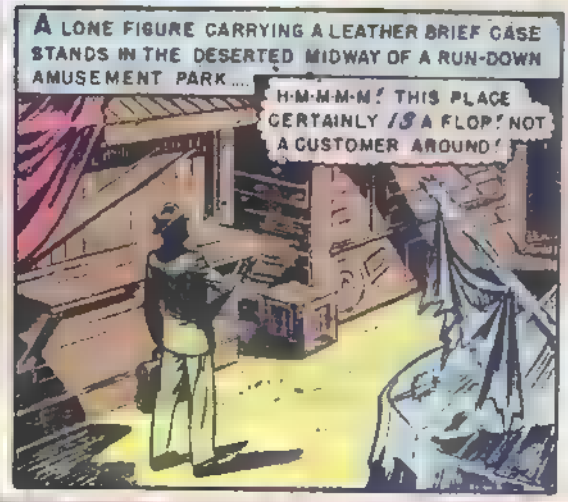
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 5th day of September, 1956.

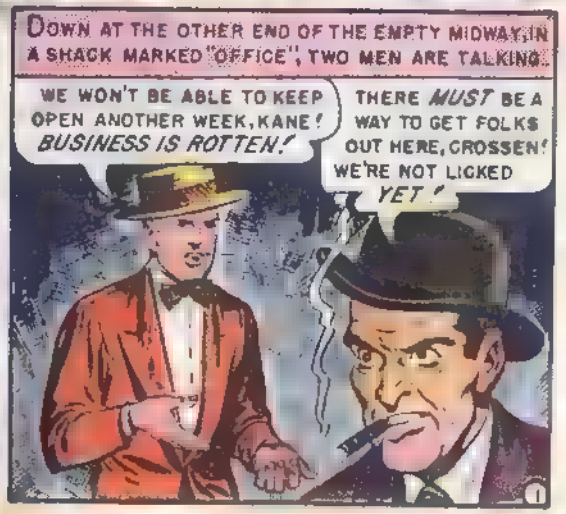
(SEAL) Edwin De Stefano, Notary Public (My commission expires March 30, 1962.)

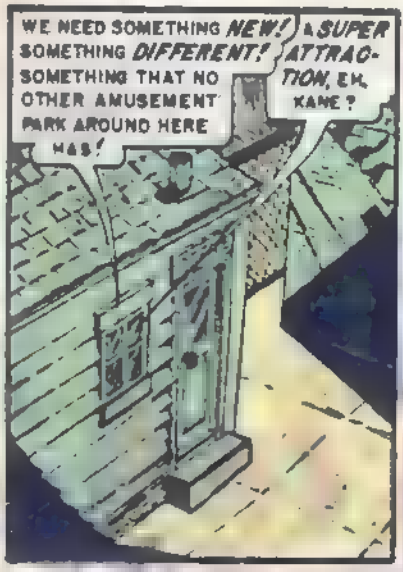
THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! WELCOME, DEAR READERS! COME IN! COME IN! I AM THE *OLD WITCH!* IN EACH ISSUE OF THIS, THE *CRYPT-KEEPER'S* MAGAZINE, I BREW A SPINE-TINGLING TERROR-TALE *HERE* IN *MY CAULDRON!* AS THE CONTENTS STEAM AND BUBBLE, GAZE INTO THE VAPORS... AND SOON YOU'LL SEE THE FIRST SCENE OF A TALE I CALL...

DEATH'S TURN!

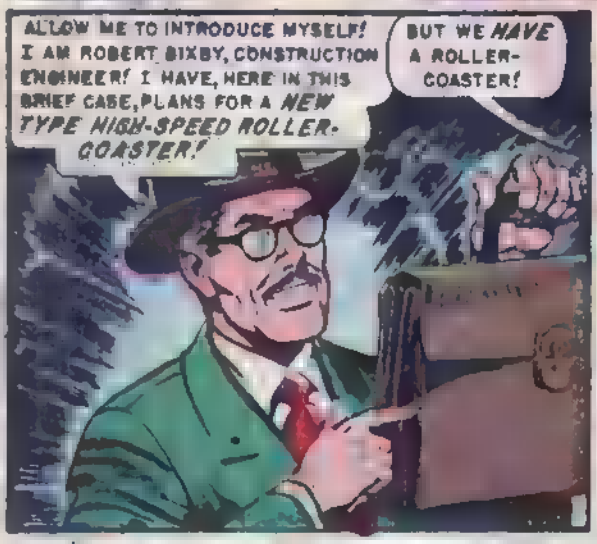


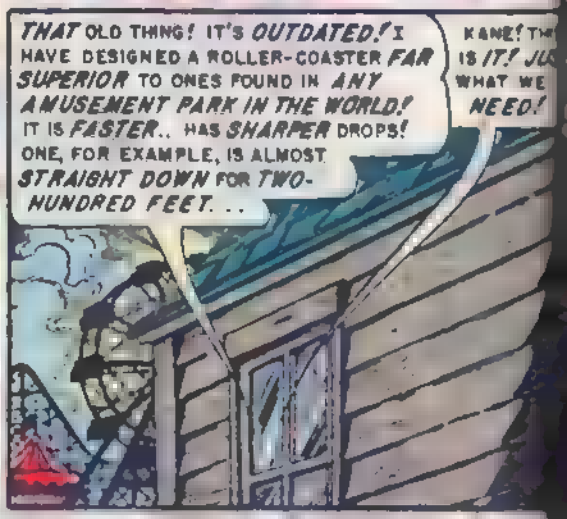



WE NEED SOMETHING NEW! SOMETHING DIFFERENT! SOMETHING THAT NO OTHER AMUSEMENT PARK AROUND HERE HAS!
A SUPER ATTRACTION, EH, KANE?

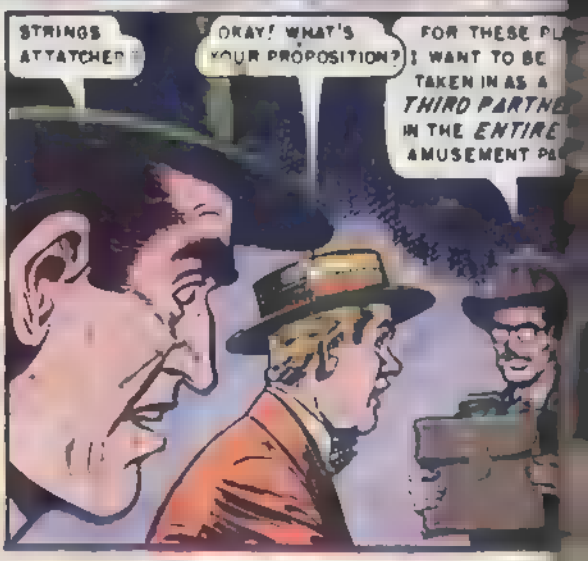
SUDDENLY, THERE IS A KNOCK ON THE DOOR, AND THE MAN CARRYING THE BRIEF CASE ENTERS THE SHACK.
YEAH, BUD? WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU?
ARE YOU THE OWNERS OF THIS AMUSEMENT PARK?

YES! WE'RE THE UNFORTUNATE ONES!
GENTLEMEN! YOUR PROBLEMS ARE SOLVED!


ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF! I AM ROBERT BIXBY, CONSTRUCTION ENGINEER! I HAVE, HERE IN THIS BRIEF CASE, PLANS FOR A NEW TYPE HIGH-SPEED ROLLER-COASTER!
BUT WE HAVE A ROLLER-COASTER!

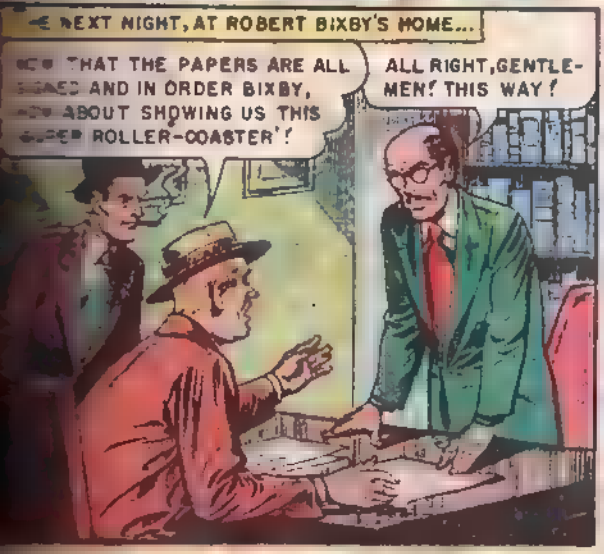

THAT OLD THING! IT'S OUTDATED! I HAVE DESIGNED A ROLLER-COASTER FAR SUPERIOR TO ONES FOUND IN ANY AMUSEMENT PARK IN THE WORLD! IT IS FASTER.. HAS SHARPER DROPS! ONE, FOR EXAMPLE, IS ALMOST STRAIGHT DOWN FOR TWO-HUNDRED FEET...
KANE! TH IS IT! JU WHAT WE NEED!

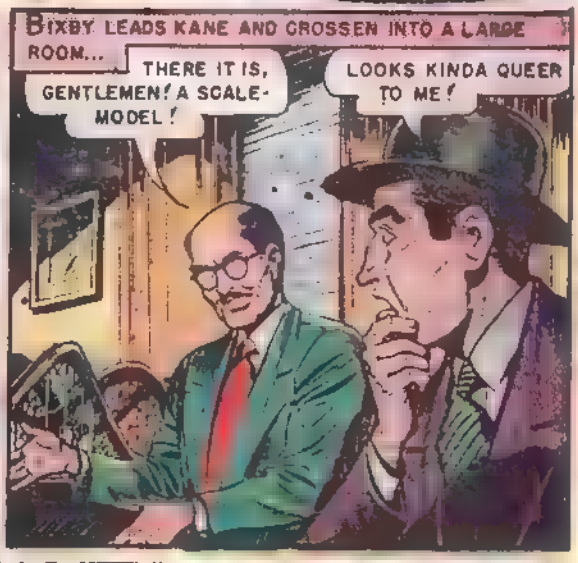
YES, CROSSEN! I CAN SEE IT NOW! 'THE FASTEST ROLLER-COASTER IN THE WORLD!'... 'WE DARE YOU TO RIDE IT!'...
MISTER! WE'LL BUY IT! LET'S SEE THE PLANS!
AH, GENTLEMEN! THERE'S JUST ONE STIPULATION!

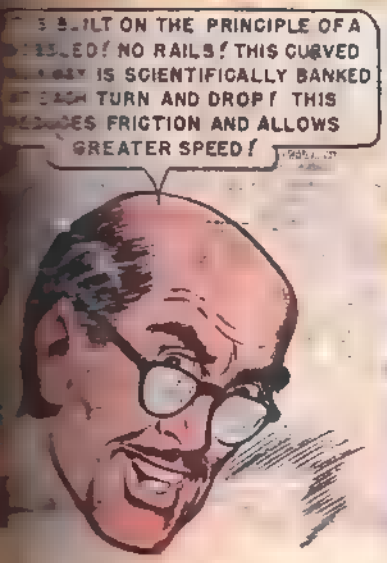

STRINGS ATTATCHED?
OKAY! WHAT'S YOUR PROPOSITION?
FOR THESE PL I WANT TO BE TAKEN IN AS A THIRD PARTNE IN THE ENTIRE AMUSEMENT PA

PARTNER! WHY THAT'S HIGHWAY ROBBERY!
TAKE IT...OR LEAVE IT! THERE ARE OTHER MEN WHO'D BE WILLING TO...

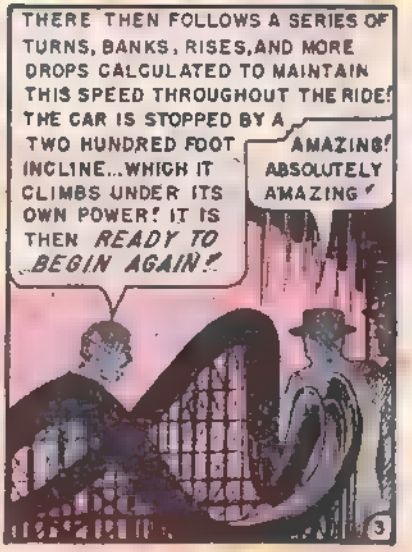
OKAY! OKAY! IT'S A DEAL! WE'LL DRAW UP THE NECESSARY PAPERS!
GOOD! AS SOON AS WE'RE ALL SIGNED UP, I'LL SHOW YOU THE PLANS...AND A WORKING MODEL THAT I'VE CONSTRUCTED!

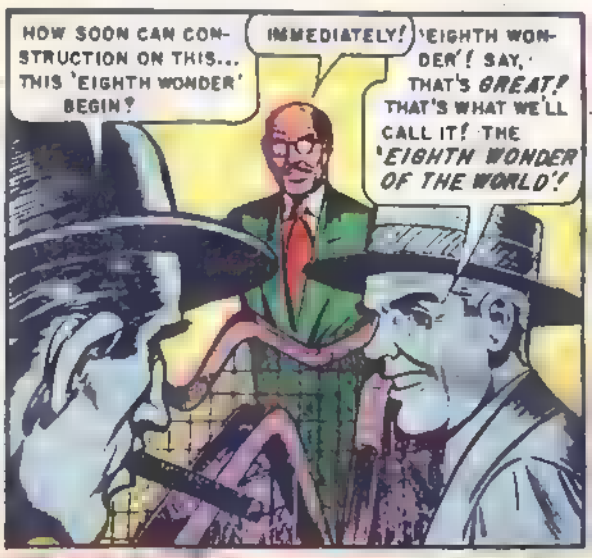

THE NEXT NIGHT, AT ROBERT BIXBY'S HOME...
NOW THAT THE PAPERS ARE ALL SIGNED AND IN ORDER BIXBY, HOW ABOUT SHOWING US THIS SUPER ROLLER-COASTER!
ALL RIGHT, GENTLEMEN! THIS WAY!

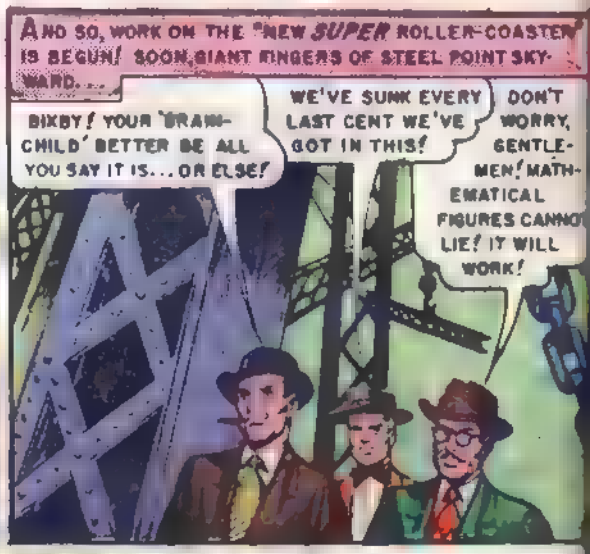

BIXBY LEADS KANE AND CROSSEN INTO A LARGE ROOM...
THERE IT IS, GENTLEMEN! A SCALE-MODEL!
LOOKS KINDA QUEER TO ME!


IT IS BUILT ON THE PRINCIPLE OF A SLED! NO RAILS! THIS CURVED TRACK IS SCIENTIFICALLY BANKED AT EACH TURN AND DROP! THIS REDUCES FRICTION AND ALLOWS GREATER SPEED!

THE FIRST DROP IS PRACTICALLY STRAIGHT DOWN! A SLIGHT TWIST IN THE CURVED TRACK KEEPS THE CAR FROM ACTUALLY BECOMING A FREE-FALLING BODY! THE SPEED GATHERED HERE WILL BE BETWEEN 100 AND 105 MILES PER HOUR!

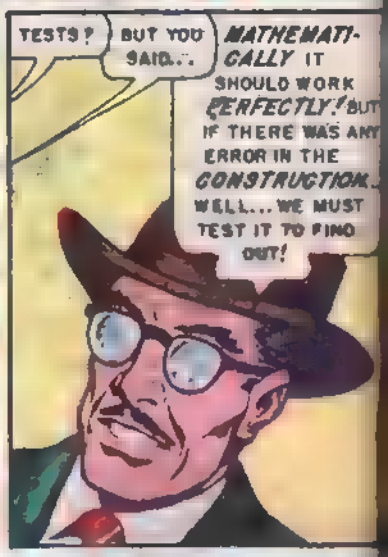

THERE THEN FOLLOWS A SERIES OF TURNS, BANKS, RISES, AND MORE DROPS CALCULATED TO MAINTAIN THIS SPEED THROUGHOUT THE RIDE! THE CAR IS STOPPED BY A TWO HUNDRED FOOT INCLINE...WHICH IT CLIMBS UNDER ITS OWN POWER! IT IS THEN READY TO BEGIN AGAIN!
AMAZING! ABSOLUTELY AMAZING!

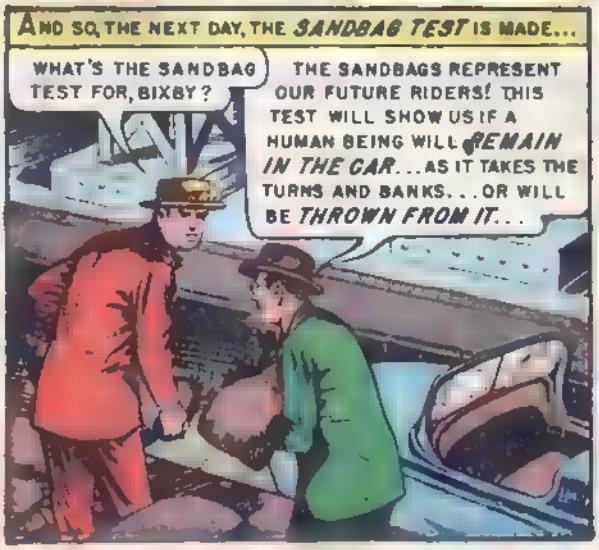

HOW SOON CAN CONSTRUCTION ON THIS... THIS 'EIGHTH WONDER' BEGIN?
IMMEDIATELY!
'EIGHTH WONDER'! SAY, THAT'S GREAT! THAT'S WHAT WE'LL CALL IT! THE 'EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD'!

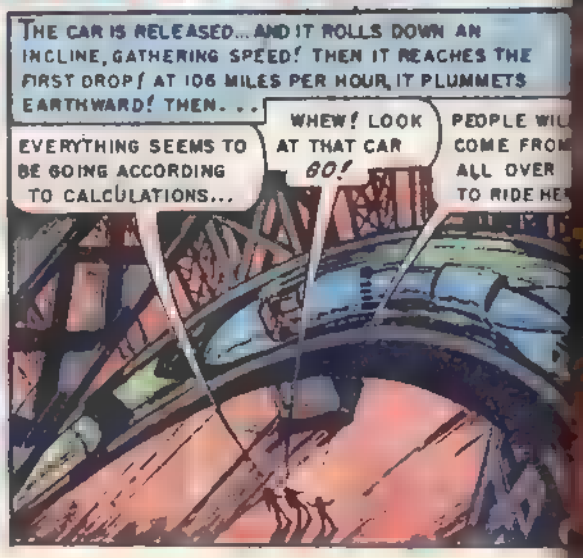

AND SO, WORK ON THE "NEW SUPER ROLLER-COASTER" IS BEGUN! SOON, GIANT FINGERS OF STEEL POINT SKYWARD...
BIXBY! YOUR 'BRAIN-CHILD' BETTER BE ALL YOU SAY IT IS... OR ELSE!
WE'VE SUNK EVERY LAST CENT WE'VE GOT IN THIS!
DON'T WORRY, GENTLEMEN! MATHEMATICAL FIGURES CANNOT LIE! IT WILL WORK!

LITTLE BY LITTLE, AS THE DAYS AND WEEKS GO BY, THE HUGE COLOSSUS TAKES SHAPE...
WELL, GENTLEMEN! IT IS ALMOST COMPLETE!

AND THEN, THE LONG AWAITED DAY ARRIVES WHEN THE LAST RIVET IS DRIVEN HOME... AND THE "EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD" IS COMPLETED...
FINISHED... AT LAST!
HOW SOON TILL WE OPEN FOR BUSINESS?
PATIENCE, GENTLEMEN! FIRST THERE ARE SOME TESTS TO BE MADE!


TESTS?
BUT YOU SAID...
MATHEMATICALLY IT SHOULD WORK PERFECTLY! BUT IF THERE WAS ANY ERROR IN THE CONSTRUCTION... WELL... WE MUST TEST IT TO FIND OUT!


AND SO, THE NEXT DAY, THE SANDBAG TEST IS MADE...
WHAT'S THE SANDBAG TEST FOR, BIXBY?
THE SANDBAGS REPRESENT OUR FUTURE RIDERS! THIS TEST WILL SHOW US IF A HUMAN BEING WILL REMAIN IN THE CAR... AS IT TAKES THE TURNS AND BANKS... OR WILL BE THROWN FROM IT...


THE CAR IS RELEASED... AND IT ROLLS DOWN AN INCLINE, GATHERING SPEED! THEN IT REACHES THE FIRST DROP! AT 106 MILES PER HOUR, IT PLUMMETS EARTHWARD! THEN...
EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE GOING ACCORDING TO CALCULATIONS...
WHEW! LOOK AT THAT CAR GO!
PEOPLE WILL COME FROM ALL OVER TO RIDE HER

THE TEST IS A SUCCESS! THE SANDBAGS REMAIN IN THE CAR... WHICH RETURNS FROM THE FIRST RIDE UNSCATHED! THAT NIGHT...
GENTLEMEN! I DRINK TO THE SUCCESS OF OUR AMUSEMENT PARK!
SUCCESS!
SUCCESS!
AFTER BIXBY LEAVES, CROSSEN TURNS TO KANE...
DID YOU HEAR HIM? OUR AMUSEMENT PARK! HE'S A PARTNER! BUT IT WAS OUR MONEY, KANE! YOURS AND MINE!
YEAH! WE WERE FOOLS TO GIVE HIM A THIRD PARTNERSHIP...
BUT THERE'S A WAY, KANE! A WAY OF GETTING IT BACK! A WAY OF GETTING RID OF HIM!
YOU MEAN... KILL HIM?
WHY NOT? WE CAN MAKE IT LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT!
WHAT'S YOUR PLAN, CROSSEN?
THE NEXT MORNING, KANE AND CROSSEN MEET BIXBY AT THE PARK...
WHAT'S UP, KANE?
CROSSEN, HERE, NOTICED SOMETHING FUNNY AS THE CAR MADE THE BIG DROP, YESTERDAY!
YES! COME OVER THERE! I'LL SHOW YOU AS THE CAR PASSES US! KANE, HERE, CAN START THE CAR AFTER WE GET THERE!
THE TWO MEN MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE BOTTOM OF THE HUNDRED FOOT DROP! THEN CROSSEN SIGNALS TO KANE TO RELEASE THE CAR...
NOW LEAN OVER AND WATCH THAT SPOT THERE! HERE IT COMES!
AFTER THIS... THERE'S ONE MORE TEST TO MAKE, CROSSEN! I...
AS THE CAR, LOADED WITH SANDBAGS, HURTLES DOWN THE ALMOST PERPENDICULAR INCLINE, CROSSEN PUSHES BIXBY... RIGHT INTO ITS PATH...
Y-A-A-A-A-A!
5

HE IS KILLED INSTANTLY! A TON OF STEEL FLYING AT 105 MILES PER HOUR PACKS A *MIGHTY WALLOP!* THEY CALL IT AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT! KANE AND CROSSEN HAVE IT HUSHED UP! THE PUBLICITY MIGHT HARM BUSINESS

WELL! TODAY'S THE BIG DAY, KANE!

YEAH! AND LOOK AT THE CROWDS FLOCKING IN ALREADY!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! I THINK IT IS ONLY FITTING AND PROPER THAT, BEFORE WE OPEN THIS WONDEROUS ROLLER-COASTER TO *YOU, THE PUBLIC*...MY PARTNER AND I, WHO BUILT AND PLANNED IT, BE THE *FIRST* TO *RIDE* IT!

THE TWO EAGER MEN GET INTO THE CAR, AND SIT DOWN

IMAGINE, CROSSEN! POOR BIXBY NEVER EVEN *GOT TO RIDE* HIS OWN BRAINCHILD!

TCH, TCH! A SHAME, KANE! A *SHAME!*

HERE COMES THE FIRST DROP, KANE!

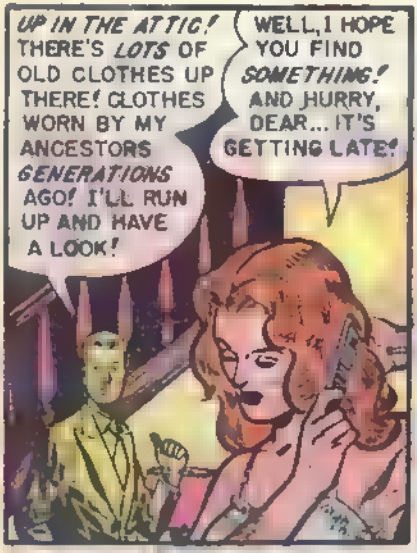
I'M GOING TO CLOSE MY EYES! I'M... AFRAID!

STOP! THE TWO MEN IN THE CAR DIDN'T MOVE! THEY JUST SAT THERE, LEERING THEIR HEADS AT A GROTESQUE ANGLE... THEIR EYES BULGING.

THEY'RE *DEAD!* *BOTH OF THEM!*

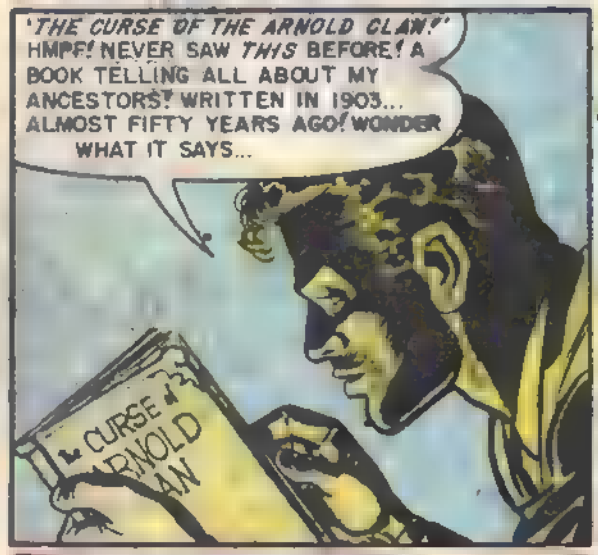
HEE, HEE! THAT'S RIGHT! THEY WE DEAD! THEIR NECKS SNAPPED LIKE DRIED TWIGS! HEE, HEE! YEP, IT *WAS* THE *FASTEST*...THE *GREATEST ROLLER COASTER IN THE WORLD* HEE, HEE! *SO FAST. SO CONSTRUCTED...* THAT *NO* HUMAN BEING COULD SURVIVE THE STRAIN OF A RIDE ON IT! *BIXBY* HAD *THOUGHT* ABOUT *THAT!* IT WAS THE HAD TO *MAKE!* TOO BAD HE DIDN'T GET THE CHANCE! SEE YOU NEXT ISSUE! 'BYE, NOW!

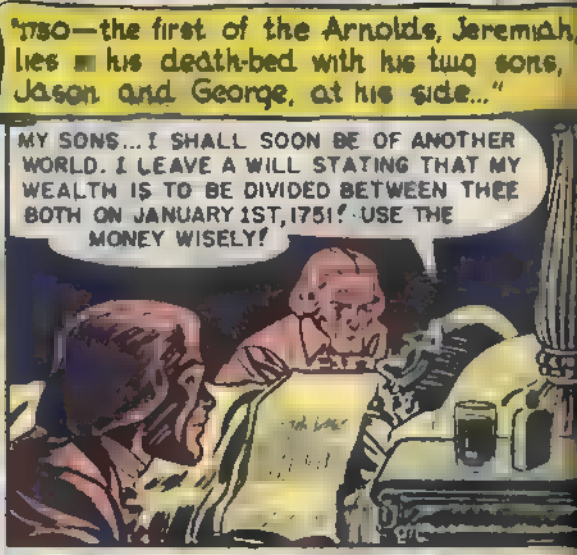
THE VAULT OF HORROR!

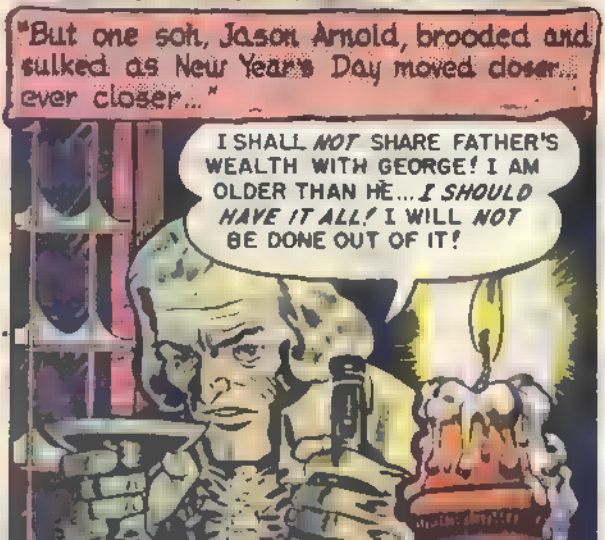

UP IN THE ATTIC! THERE'S LOTS OF OLD CLOTHES UP THERE! CLOTHES WORN BY MY ANCESTORS GENERATIONS AGO! I'LL RUN UP AND HAVE A LOOK!
WELL, I HOPE YOU FIND SOMETHING! AND HURRY, DEAR... IT'S GETTING LATE!

...HAVEN'T BEEN UP HERE SINCE I WAS A KID! CONFOUND IT! I'M CERTAIN THOSE OLD CLOTHES WERE IN ONE OF THESE TRUNKS! MAYBE THAT ONE OVER THERE IN THE CORNER!

AH! HERE'S WHAT I WAS LOOKING FOR! HOPE THEY FIT! DON'T WANT TO...SAY, WHAT'S THIS? AN OLD BOOK!

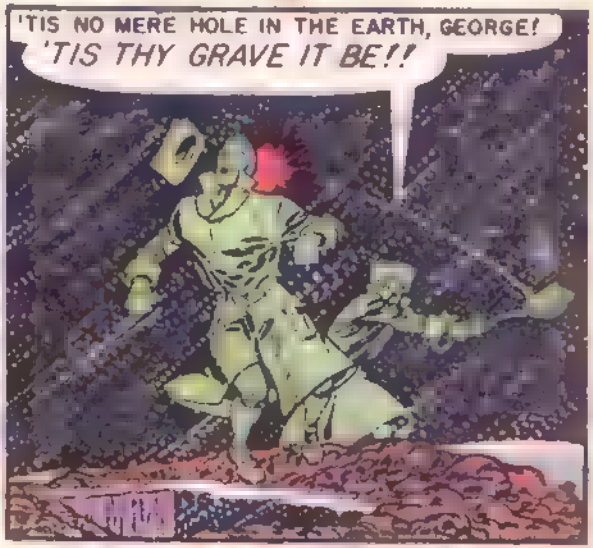

'THE CURSE OF THE ARNOLD CLAN!' HMPF! NEVER SAW THIS BEFORE! A BOOK TELLING ALL ABOUT MY ANCESTORS! WRITTEN IN 1903... ALMOST FIFTY YEARS AGO! WONDER WHAT IT SAYS...
CURSE ARNOLD AN

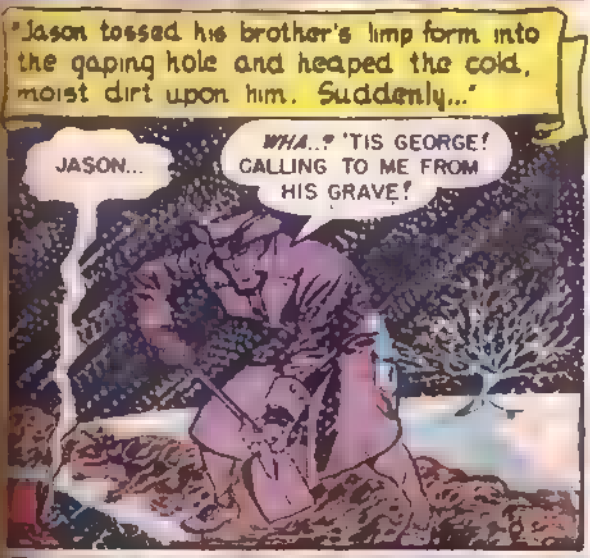

"1750—the first of the Arnolds, Jeremiah, lies on his death-bed with his two sons, Jason and George, at his side..."
MY SONS... I SHALL SOON BE OF ANOTHER WORLD. I LEAVE A WILL STATING THAT MY WEALTH IS TO BE DIVIDED BETWEEN THEE BOTH ON JANUARY 1ST, 1751! USE THE MONEY WISELY!

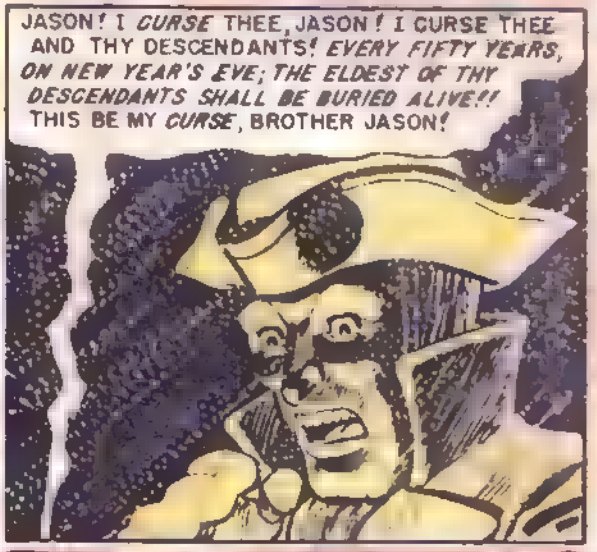

"But one son, Jason Arnold, brooded and sulked as New Year's Day moved closer... ever closer..."
I SHALL NOT SHARE FATHER'S WEALTH WITH GEORGE! I AM OLDER THAN HE... I SHOULD HAVE IT ALL! I WILL NOT BE DONE OUT OF IT!

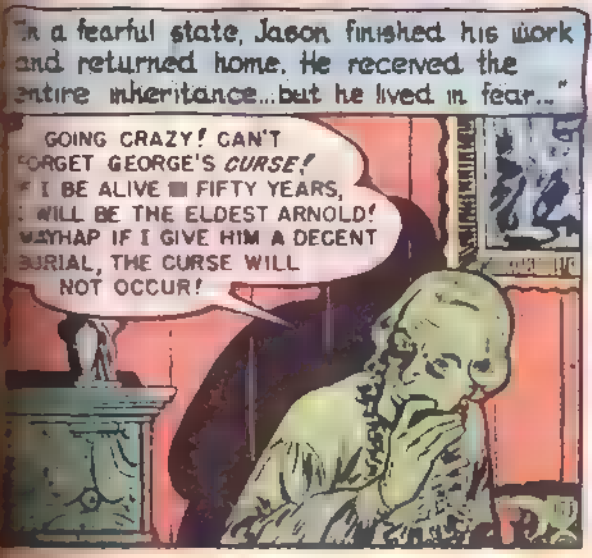
"And by New Year's Eve, Jason had decided."
JASON! 'TIS NEW YEAR'S EVE! WHY DO YE BRING ME OUT HERE IN THIS WILDS? WHY?
PATIENCE, GEORGE! I HAVE SOMETHING TO SHOW THEE!

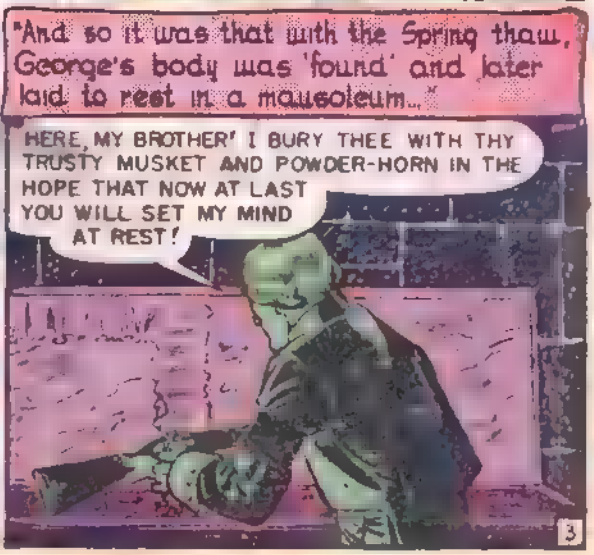
THERE, GEORGE! THERE, BEFORE THEE, IS WHAT I HAVE BROUGHT THEE TO SEE!
JASON! BE YE DAFT? ON SUCH A FREEZING EVE, YE BRING ME HERE TO GAZE AT A MERE HOLE IN THE EARTH?


'TIS NO MERE HOLE IN THE EARTH, GEORGE!
'TIS THY GRAVE IT BE!!


"Jason tossed his brother's limp form into the gaping hole and heaped the cold, moist dirt upon him. Suddenly..."
JASON...
WHA..? 'TIS GEORGE! CALLING TO ME FROM HIS GRAVE!


JASON! I CURSE THEE, JASON! I CURSE THEE AND THY DESCENDANTS! EVERY FIFTY YEARS, ON NEW YEAR'S EVE; THE ELDEST OF THY DESCENDANTS SHALL BE BURIED ALIVE!! THIS BE MY CURSE, BROTHER JASON!


In a fearful state, Jason finished his work and returned home. He received the entire inheritance...but he lived in fear..."
GOING CRAZY! CAN'T FORGET GEORGE'S CURSE! IF I BE ALIVE IN FIFTY YEARS, I WILL BE THE ELDEST ARNOLD! MAYHAP IF I GIVE HIM A DECENT BURIAL, THE CURSE WILL NOT OCCUR!


"And so it was that with the Spring thaw, George's body was 'found' and later laid to rest in a mausoleum..."
HERE, MY BROTHER! I BURY THEE WITH THY TRUSTY MUSKET AND POWDER-HORN IN THE HOPE THAT NOW AT LAST YOU WILL SET MY MIND AT REST!

"But Jason found no peace. He squandered all his wealth trying to find happiness, and on New Year's Eve, fifty years later, while cowering in his cellar, his house collapsed...and Jason was buried alive!"

"The first curse of the Arnold clan had come to pass!"

HEH, HEH, HEH! QUITE A TREASURY OF INFORMATION, EH? WHAT WOULD *YOU* DO IF *YOU* WERE READING THAT BOOK, AND IT WAS ABOUT *YOUR* FAMILY? HEH! OF COURSE...*YOU'D READ ONE* AND THAT'S JUST WHAT ROBERT ARNOLD DID!

"Jason Arnold had died in 1900, and for the next fifty years all was well...until New Year's Eve, 1950..."

THE ARNOLD CURSE SHAN'T WORK ON *ME!* I'VE LIVED IN THIS WILDERNESS FOR YEARS... ALL *ALONE!* *I'LL* NOT BE BURIED UNDER A FALLING HOUSE OR ANY SUCH THING!

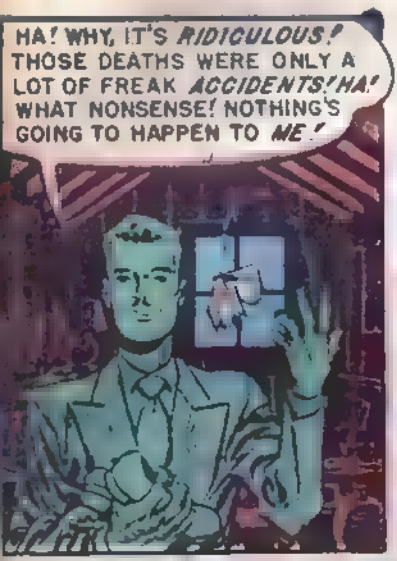
"No, there were no buildings or people by which Albert Arnold could be harmed. Nothing, except..."

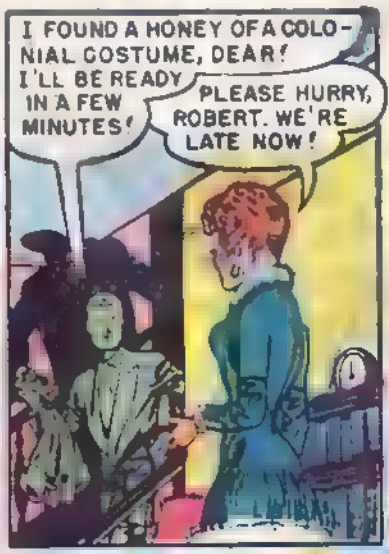
WHA...? QUICKSAND! I'M TRAPPED IN A BOG OF QUICK-SAND! *HELP! HELP!* I'LL BE *BURIED ALIVE!*

"And for the second time, the curse of the Arnold clan had taken it's toll!"

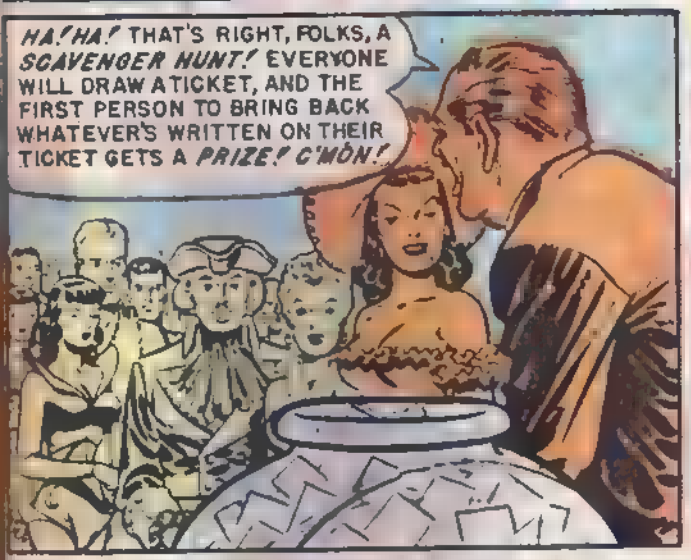
"It was the same in 1900. On New Year's Eve, William Arnold, while working the night shift in a coal mine, was trapped in a shaft cave-in!"

HMPF! THAT'S ALL THERE IS! LET'S SEE... LAST TIME WAS IN 1900. THEN THE NEXT TIME WILL BE NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1950...*GOOD GOSH!* THAT'S *TONIGHT!* AND *I'M* THE *OLDEST LIVING ARNOLD!*


HA! WHY, IT'S *RIDICULOUS!* THOSE DEATHS WERE ONLY A LOT OF FREAK *ACCIDENTS!* HA! WHAT NONSENSE! NOTHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO *ME!*

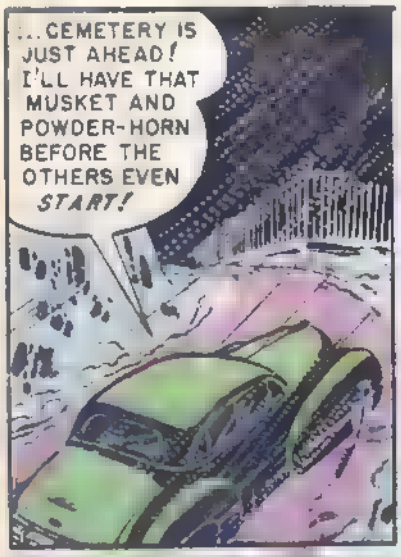

I FOUND A HONEY OF A COLONIAL COSTUME, DEAR! I'LL BE READY IN A FEW MINUTES!
PLEASE HURRY, ROBERT. WE'RE LATE NOW!

HEH! WELL, ROBERT AND BESS WENT TO THE PARTY. THEY HAD A GAY TIME LAUGHING, DRINKING DANCING! AND THEN THE HOST MADE AN ANNOUNCEMENT...


HA! HA! THAT'S RIGHT, FOLKS, A *SCAVENGER HUNT!* EVERYONE WILL DRAW A TICKET, AND THE FIRST PERSON TO BRING BACK WHATEVER'S WRITTEN ON THEIR TICKET GETS A *PRIZE!* C'MON!

OH, GOODNESS! I HAVE TO BRING BACK A *MOOSE-HEAD!*
GOSH! I HAVE TO FIND AN OLD MUSKET AND A POWDER-HORN! WHERE THE DEVIL WILL I... HEY-Y-Y...

MY ANCESTOR, GEORGE ARNOLD, WAS *BURIED* WITH A MUSKET AND POWDER-HORN! HM-M-M.. AND THE CEMETERY ISN'T *FAR* FROM HERE, EITHER...


...CEMETERY IS JUST AHEAD! I'LL HAVE THAT MUSKET AND POWDER-HORN BEFORE THE OTHERS EVEN *START!*

I'LL HAVE TO SNEAK IN. THE CARETAKER WOULD NEVER LET ME IN *THIS* TIME OF NIGHT, ESPECIALLY IN *THIS* GET-UP!

THERE'S THE MAUSOLEUM OVER THERE! BOY! THIS PLACE IS *WEIRD!* HOPE THIS DOESN'T TAKE LONG!

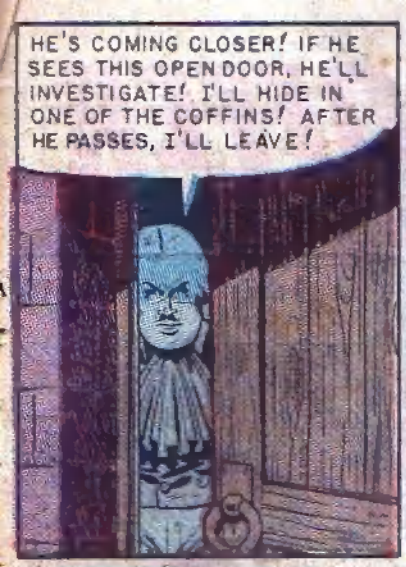
I'M IN LUCK! THIS DOOR IS SO OLD, THE LOCK HAS JUST ABOUT RUSTED AWAY! I COULD HAVE OPENED IT WITH A HAIRPIN!

AH! HERE IT IS! THE LAST RESTING PLACE OF GEORGE ARNOLD!
GEORGE ARNOLD

... MUSKET AND POWDER-HORN SHOULD BE INSIDE! *UNH!* THIS... THIS SLAB IS... SURE *HEAVY!*

WHEW! BOY! THAT WAS A *JOB!* UGH! WHAT A SMELL! HERE'S THE MUSKET AND... *WHAT'S THAT?*

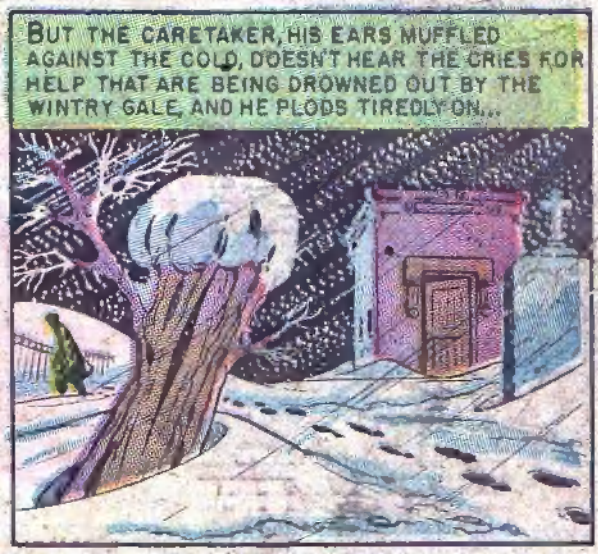
BLAZES! THE CARETAKER'S COMING TO MAKE HIS ROUNDS! I CAN'T LET HIM FIND ME *HERE!* *WHAT'LL I DO?*

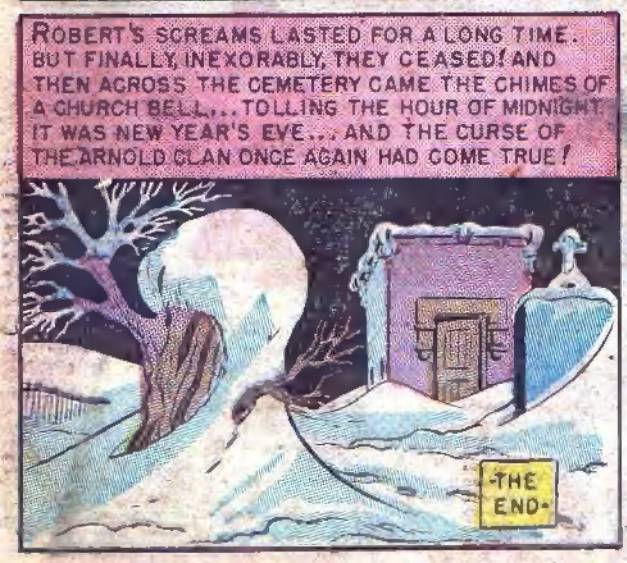

HE'S COMING CLOSER! IF HE SEES THIS OPEN DOOR, HE'LL INVESTIGATE! I'LL HIDE IN ONE OF THE COFFINS! AFTER HE PASSES, I'LL LEAVE!

OLD GEORGE WON'T MIND IF I USE HIS RESTING PLACE FOR A WHILE! NOW TO... CLOSE THIS... TOP!

CLANK!
HEY! WHAT HAPPENED? THE LID! GREAT SCOTT! IT LOCKED WHEN I SHUT IT! I'M LOCKED IN! I CAN'T GET OUT! HELP!

CARETAKER! CARETAKER! SOB! PLEASE! HELP ME! GET ME OUT! I'LL BE BURIED ALIVE! PLEASE!
PLEASE!


BUT THE CARETAKER, HIS EARS MUFFLED AGAINST THE COLD, DOESN'T HEAR THE CRIES FOR HELP THAT ARE BEING DROWNED OUT BY THE WINTRY GALE, AND HE PLODS TIREDLY ON...


ROBERT'S SCREAMS LASTED FOR A LONG TIME. BUT FINALLY, INEXORABLY, THEY CEASED! AND THEN ACROSS THE CEMETERY CAME THE CHIMES OF A CHURCH BELL... TOLLING THE HOUR OF MIDNIGHT. IT WAS NEW YEAR'S EVE... AND THE CURSE OF THE ARNOLD CLAN ONCE AGAIN HAD COME TRUE!
-THE END-

HA! HA! HA! WELL, ROBERT REALLY GOT HIMSELF INTO A GRAVE SITUATION, DIDN'T HE? POOR ROBERT... TOO BAD HE HAD TO GO OUT WITH THE OLD YEAR! AT LEAST, HE WON'T HAVE A NEW YEAR'S HANGOVER! NO, ROBERT WASN'T DEAD DRUNK. HE WAS JUST DEAD! HEH! WELL, VISIT WITH ME IN MY MAGAZINE, THE VAULT OF HORROR! DROP IN... HEH! ANY OLD CRIME!

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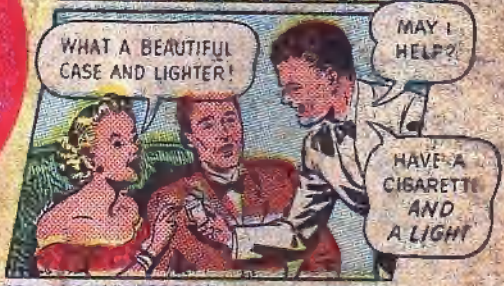

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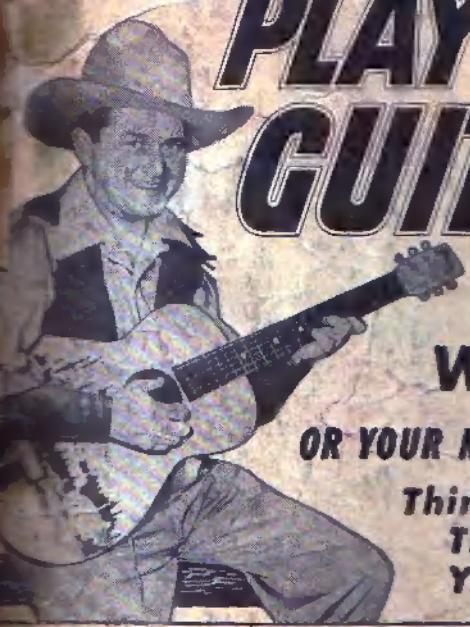
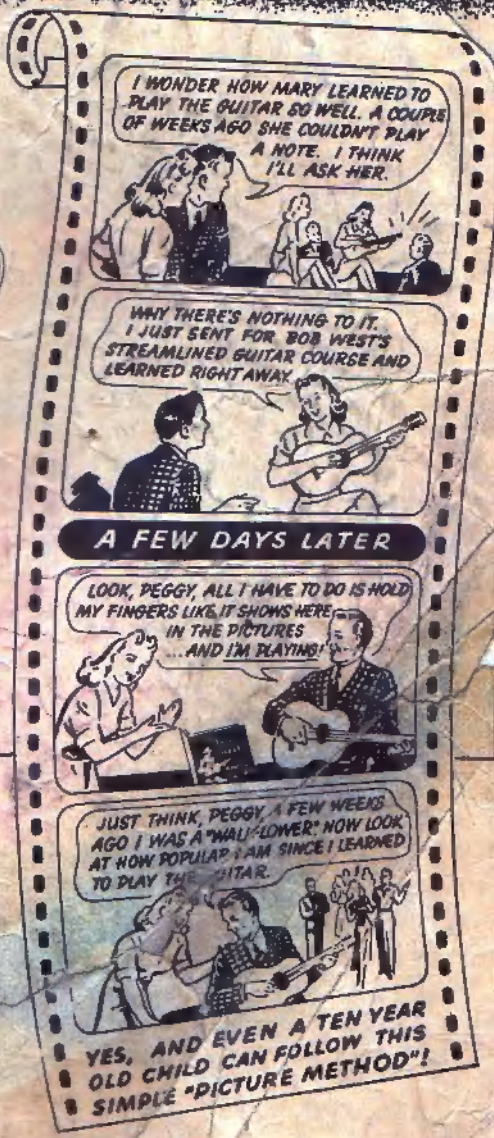
Think Of The Fun You'll Have





45 PHOTOS SHOW EXACTLY WHERE TO PUT YOUR FINGERS

101 SONGS Words & Music INCLUDED!

★EXPERIENCED GUITAR PLAYERS have told me Bob West's "PICTURE METHOD" improves their playing tremendously and is ideal for beginners. Don't envy friends who are so popular because they play a musical instrument. LEARN TO PLAY THE GUITAR and hold the spotlight at parties, entertainments, or gatherings of friends. You will be amazed at how easy it is to learn to play the Guitar, even if you can't read a note of music.

Play in 2 WEEKS or YOUR MONEY BACK

Now let Bob West, radio's favorite Guitar player, show you how, with his sensational "Picture Method." Don't judge Bob West's "Picture Method" by any other "course" you have ever seen. This is an entirely new method. Most "instruction courses" have only 6 or 8 pictures... but Bob West's new method has **45 actual photographs!** It not only teaches, but **shows you exactly where and how to place your fingers, etc.** Most others offer a few songs... Bob provides **101 songs chosen for their radio popularity, so you can sing and play right along with your favorite radio programs or records!**

SEND NO MONEY!

Just send your name and address to BOB WEST. Pay postman only $1.69 plus C.O.D. and postage. Don't delay! Order NOW! Start playing beautiful chords the VERY FIRST day. Be playing beautiful music in two weeks or get your money back. Write **BOB WEST, Dept. 170, 1665 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago 47, Ill.**

SAVE MONEY ON A GUITAR

Bob West's own $19.95 value Autograph Guitar now only $14.95. Send $1 deposit, pay balance on delivery. Write Bob West, Studio 21, 1665 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago 47, Ill.

BOB WEST, Dept. 170,
1665 MILWAUKEE AVE., CHICAGO 47, ILL.

Dear Bob: Please rush one of your new streamlined "Picture Method" Guitar Course and 101 Songs. I will pay postman $1.69 plus C. O. D. and postage. I understand that if I am not playing beautiful music in 2 weeks after I receive your Bob West Guitar Course, you will refund my $1.69.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ BOX _____ R.F.D. _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

New silk-finish enlargement, ivory gold-tooled frame

Sensational Offer Only 19¢ EACH

FROM YOUR FAVORITE SNAPSHOT, PHOTOGRAPH OR NEGATIVE

Send Any Photo For Beautiful 5x7 Inch ENLARGEMENT On This SPECIAL GET-ACQUAINTED OFFER! Your Original Returned

Have you ever wished you could have your own favorite picture or snapshot enlarged like the pictures of Movie Stars? If you act now, you can make your wish come true. Just to get acquainted, we will make you a handsome, silk finish enlargement, mounted in a rich, gold-tooled frame with glassine front and standing easel back for only 19c each for the Picture and Frame, plus cost of mailing. Hundreds of thousands of people have already taken advantage of this generous offer, and to acquaint millions more like yourself with the famous studio portrait quality of our work, we now make this trial offer to you.

Think of it, only 19c each for a beautiful enlargement and frame you will cherish for years to come. Because of the sensational low price of this get-acquainted offer, we must set a limit of 2 to a customer. So hurry—send one or two of your best photographs (either picture or negative) with the coupon below today. *Be sure to include the color of hair, eyes and clothing* for complete information on having your enlargement beautifully colored in life-like oils. SEND NO MONEY! Just mail coupon to us today. Include all information. Your original snapshot or negative will be returned.

RUSH YOUR ORDER! Your enlargement will be shipped direct from our Hollywood studios.

SEND NO MONEY! Mail Coupon Today

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Enclosed find ..... snapshot or negative
(Specify number, limit 2)

Please make ..... Enlargement and Frame
(Specify number, limit 2)

I will pay postman only 19c each for Enlargement and Frame, on arrival, plus mailing costs, on your 10-day money-back guarantee offer.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... (Zone) STATE .....

Fill out description below. Mark each of 1 and 2.

COLOR—Picture No. 1
Hair .....
Eyes .....
Clothing .....

COLOR—Picture No. 2
Hair .....
Eyes .....
Clothing .....

IMPORTANT!—DO NOT ENCLOSE ANY MONEY to Receive Your Beautiful New Silk Finish ENLARGEMENT and Ivory Gold-Tooled Frame

Here's What to Do:—SEND NO MONEY! Just send us a snapshot, photograph or negative of your favorite picture. Mail with the coupon. Accept your beautifully framed enlargement when it arrives and pay postman only 19c each plus small mailing cost for picture and frame. If not completely satisfied, return the enlargement within 10 days and your money will be refunded. *But you may keep the frame as a gift for promptness.* Limit 2 to a customer. Original snapshot or negative will be returned. *NOTE: Be sure to enclose color of hair, eyes and clothing* for complete information on having your enlargement beautifully hand-colored in oils. Rush coupon with photo or negative today before offer is withdrawn.